The Centre Reporter.

VOL { OLD SERIES, XL. NEW SERIES, XIX. | CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1886. | NO. 22

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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It would seem the play of Pinafore is to be turned to political account in this county, and played for the benefit of our sisters, and *our cousins*, and our aunts.

The President will be married to-day. He is 47, his bride is 22. All who voted for him can expect a wedding cake by mail. The REPORTER sends its congratulations.

The most cheeky thing: For a fellow who has always plotted to elect Republicans to office to ask Democrats to nominate him and "stick to the ticket." There won't be any "stick" right there. The truth and trick will all be told.

A Good Templar says if he can get the name of the one who joined the lodge and "treats the crowd," he'll have the double-faced chap pictured.

The President's wedding will not be on a very fussy plan—it will have an air of democratic simplicity. The arrangements heretofore outlined for securing privacy of the wedding will be strictly adhered to. In addition to the President and his bride and members of the Cabinet and their wives, the only persons who will be present at the ceremony are Mrs. Hoyt and Miss Cleveland, Miss Folsom, Mr. Benjamin Folsom, and possibly two or three other relatives of the bride, Wilson S. Bissell, the President's former law partner, Miss Nelson, of Albany, an old friend of the Cleveland family, Dr. and Mrs. Byron Sunderland, and Colonel and Mrs. Lamont, about 25 in all. It has been definitely determined that no newspaper correspondents or reporters can be admitted on this occasion, but it is nevertheless authoratively promised that an accurate descriptin of the wedding will be furnished the press from the White House.

We always knew the Republicans never had the kindliest feelings for Democrats, but that they are real torturers is proven by the cruel flings in letters they send to the REPORTER, in view of the contest for Prothonotary. They taunt us terribly. One asks: "What is Bohemian oats worth now?" Another wants to know whether the Democrats will sow Bohemian oats in August or in November. Still another asks: "When one deals in Bohemian oats 'what will the harvest be?'" And yet another says that the Republicans will down us on the Bohemian oats issue. And so on.

Now, we protest against such cruelty. Bohemian oats will not be sown on the Democratic ticket, and the harvest will be nothing. Of all the issues that the Republicans will make, for goodness sake let it be anything else than the Bohemian oats swindle No party can survive that issue. Do pity us.

We noticed briefly in our last issue the resumption of work in the Clearfield region. The further details say that a successful settlement of the strike was reached by mutual concessions on the part of both operators and miners. The result was wholly unexpected and has given rise to great rejoicing. The many futile efforts by the Executive Board of Federation, No. 3, to adjust the difficulties led the starving Houtzdale miners to try to secure relief, and a committee of five, representing three thousand miners, selected to act independently of the Federation or the Knights of Labor, met in Tyrone a committee of operators appointed by the Philadelphia Coal Exchange, consisting of President Daniel Brisban, John Bradley and H. G. Fisher, for the purpose of calmly considering the question of resumption. Soon a written agreement was effected, whereby the miners agreed to resume at the old wages of forty cents per 2,240 pounds, on the condition of guaranteed just weight, with a check weighman on every tipple, an abolition of the store order system and cash payments on the 15th of each month, with the privilege to make some purchases where they please; that the price for all dead work and other matters of dispute shall be referred for settlement to the mine superintendent and one of his miners, and that no miner shall be discharged for participating in the strike, but that all shall be employed without any discrimination.

The terms of this agreement, formulated principally by the miners themselves, govern three thousand men, two-thirds of the whole number in the Houtzdale district, representing every colliery.

Most, Schenck and Braunschweig, the anarchists who have been on trial in the Court of General Sessions at Chicago, for inciting a riot at the meeting of the rifle club on Good Friday evening, were convicted on Friday. The jury were out scarcely an hour. When Most was taken to court in the morning from the Tombs he was chained to John McGrath, an alleged firebug, and they were driven to the General Sessions building in the Black Maria.

The manner in which the appointment of a prothonotary was brought about was simply in keeping with the practices of those who were a party to it, and we are glad to observe that all good and sensible Democrats express their disgust of the little piece of low trickery.

PAYING DEAR FOR THE WHISTLE.

The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* has been making inquiries among the architects of that city, and finds that the May strikes have had the effect of suspending investments aggregating $4,000,000. It is believed that the present would have been the greatest building year since 1874, but that the labor agitation caused capitalists to postpone action. The *Bulletin* further says that about forty per cent. of the work offered architects during the past week is now hung up in their offices. The Chicago *Times* of Monday prints an article descriptive of the effect of the labor troubles on building operations in that city, embodying statements from the leading architects. They vary but slightly, and estimate the value of the suspended buildings at $10,000. That is, the strikes operated to prevent that amount of new buildings. *Bradstreet's* estimates for the whole country is $25,000,000, as the cost of one month's labor disturbance, and the amount is not excessive, considering the reliable reports we have from a few cities. Twenty-five millions of dollars represents three months' work at two dollars and a half a day for one hundred and twelve thousand persons. That much is certainly lost in balancing accounts for this year, in labor and material, but can any one tell what has been gained, aside from an experience that may prove valuable or otherwise? And this great loss in building operations only shows the facts in one branch of industry, whereas nearly every department of labor, except probably agriculture, has been more or less affected. After careful inquiry *Bradstreet's* estimate is that the losses entailed by labor disturbances since April 24, are:

Wages	$ 2,802,000
Current business	2,105,000
New business stopped	24,800,000
Total	$29,707,000

This is exclusive of building contracts suspended, and represents real not prospective losses. Every interest in the community loses by strikes—even the beer halls—and the loss falls heaviest on the wage workers. If Mr. Powderly and his associates at Cleveland can economize this wasted energy and money, they will accomplish a great saving for labor and add to its independence and power.

A Democratic administration is recovering lands from railroad corporations which, in the past years, have been lavishly bestowed. The Kansas Pacific has been compelled to surrender 900,000 acres and the Union Pacific 1,250,000. It is said the Land Commissioner now has over 20,000,000 acres ready to be cut up into farms, all recovered from grasping railroad monopolies. The day for giving away public territory seems to have passed, and the day for getting back stolen lands to have come in.

The Knights of Strike have gone to labor.

Snyder county Democrats have instructed for Wolverton, for Governor.

It is reported from Ohio that the Bohemian oats company thinks of taking a hand in the contest for Prothonotary, in this county. Well, a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.

A Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of Internal Affairs, Congressmen, and a Legislature which elects a United States Senator and makes an apportionment, are to be elected next fall in this state.

——On Friday, the 21st ult., while riding in Central Park, New York, Mrs. Alice Pendleton, the wife of the Hon. George H. Pendleton, United States minister to Germany, was thrown from the carriage and instantly killed.

——Ex-Governor Curtin will be given a reception in Reading on June 7th, by the ladies of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps Association, during the reunion of the State Association.

——Some folks along the route went half crazy because they saw B. K. Jameson drive through in his carriage. Jameson must think that the fools are not all dead.

Gov. Curtin and his labor committee have gone to the anthracite coal regions.

——The barn belonging to Frederick Havice, on the old Hooley farm, adjacent to Milroy, was destroyed by fire last Thursday. The fire was first discovered about ten a. m., and in a comparatively short time the building was in ashes. There was also burned 150 bushels of corn, 90 bushels of wheat, 50 bushels of rye, about 50 bushels of barley, 3 tons of hay, and several plows and harrows. Loss, $900; insurance, $400. A couple of small boys playing with matches in the barn was the cause of the fire.—*Sentinel.*

PREPARING FOR THE BRIDE.

White House Forces Polishing Up the Old Executive Mansion.

Washington, May 29.—There is no change in the program for the President's wedding. The arrangements given last night will be carried out as indicated. The President will leave here tomorrow afternoon on the 4 o'clock train. He will have a special car. Messrs. Lamar, Endicott, Vilas and Bayard go with him. Mr. Manning will be well enough he thinks to attend the wedding Wednesday evening, but will not venture on the trip to New York. Mr. Whitney went over this afternoon, and receives the President and his Cabinent associates at his house to-morrow evening. The President may not be able to see Miss Folsom Monday, as he will have a long and hard round of duties in assisting at the Decoration Day ceremonies. It is probable that he will send some representative to make a call. Miss Cleveland came this evening. Col. Lamont said to-day that Miss Folsom was not expected here until Wednesday afternoon. When he left New York that was the arrangement. She will be driven to the Whitneys on her arrival here, and will go from their house to the White House just before the hour of the wedding ceremony. There is very little gossip about town among public men. Most of them were glad the President had owned up. The general comment was that he could have saved himself a good deal of trouble and annoyance if he had spoken out before.

PREPARING THE HOUSE-WARMING.

There were more signs of industry about the White House this morning than for many months. Aside from the mechanics, who for the past week have been patching the roof of the mansion; there has not until to-day been any indication of the busy hum of industry. As early as 7 o'clock every attache of the house and grounds was at his or her post of duty, together with a slight additional force employed in beautifying the grounds. Col. Lamont was on hand at an earlier hour than usual, and had the entire working force carrying into execution his orders. As early as 11 o'clock the following persons called for the express purpose of extending their congratulations to the President: Secretary Endicott, Attorney-General Garland, Senators Voorhees, Colquitt and Van Wyck, Representatives Randall, Dockery, McKenna, Reed, Collins, Willis, Negley and Green (N. J.,) Mortimer A. Turner, U. S. Consul at St. Thomas; Posey S. Wilson, Rev. B. W. Arnett, of Xenia, Ohio, and Oliver Stahlnecker, of New York.

Mr. Cleveland received the congratulations without any embarrassment and felt pleased at the interest manifested. In the kitchen there was an unusual clatter of dishes, demonstrating the fact that a general scouring of the ware was industriously going on. Ten men were at work upon the idle fountain in the south grounds pareparatory to having it equipped for playful caprice on the wedding day. Some five or six lawn-mowers were in operation, causing the ground to resemble a minature harvest field.

THE GREAT WEDDING.

Washington, May 28.—President Cleveland will be married at the White House on Wednesday evening, June 2, to Miss Frances Folsom. The recent death of the relative of Miss Folsom has changed the original plans for the wedding, and the invitations will now be limited to a few of the near relatives and members of the Cabinet and their wives. Rev. Dr. Sunderland, of the First Presbyterian church of Washington, will officiate. The ceremony will be followed by a collation, and the wedding in all its details will be plain and unostentatious.

Second Officer Nelson, speaking of the bride, says: "She is a tall, handsome woman, with a commanding presence, over which she has no restraint. We officers are not supposed to know who is on board our vessel. I myself did not learn of the presence of our distinguished tourist for some days after we left Antwerp. There were about 75 first-class passengers on board, but which was Miss Folsom I did not know. But when they told me the President's intended bride was on board I picked her out on the instant. How? Why, by her fine, stately bearing. I knew she was just such a woman whom the head of a great country like this would select for a partner. No, she possesses no airs. In fact, she is remarkably humble. Everybody liked and admired her."

One of the cabin passengers of the Noordland who became acquainted with Miss Folsom during the voyage said to a reporter:

"She is certainly a very charming and dignified girl and cannot fail to be highly thought of and admired wherever she may be."

The neatest feature of the wedding, thus far, is the pretty note which the President sent out to each member of the Cabinet. Here is a copy of one, which is given because it is not that which was addressed to the Secretary of the Interior:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, May 20, 1886.

MY DEAR MR. LAMAR—I am going to be married on Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock at the White House to Miss Folsom. It will be a very quiet affair, and I will be extremely gratified at your attendance on the occasion. Yours sincerely, GROVER CLEVELAND

To the members who are married the invitation includes their wives.

John Kelly, the Tammany boss, died on Tuesday.

ANARCHIST MOST CONVICTED.

Three Valiant Agitators Found Guilty of Inciting Riot.

New York, May 28.—Herr Most was brought to court this morning handcuffed to a thief. His associates, Schenck and Braunschweig were with him. Most looked very savage and scowled viciously at every person his eyes fell upon. It was said that he was greatly annoyed at the spread of the statement which the official journal of the Socialistic party has been given publicity to for years, that he (Most) was in pay of the German Government, and his presence in this country was for the purpose of destroying the labor movement here.

Schenck and Braunschweig testified in their own behalf that they did not indorse the violent recommendations of their chief.

Lawyer Howe stated that his client Most desired to address the jury in his own behalf—a right to which he was entitled.

The Recorder replied that Most had that privilege, but there must be a limit to it. Lawyer Howe said that Most would occupy about an hour. Most then said:

"I cannot speak very well English. You have heard a great deal about me; I suppose you expected a great deal of witnesses for the prosecution and a lot of black devil lies about me. But what has come off? I have seen prosecuting officers in Austria and Germany going against me and my associates. But they were slaves of the kings and princes. I didn't expect that here. There was a scheme gotten up and the police and press were against me. I know all about the policemen who met in the beer saloon next to Captain McCullough's station house and said, 'We'll get Most.' At last they arrested me under a bed. I stood up in my room. The room I had lived in for two months before. They showed you books and other things they took from my room, but they didn't produce the pocket book with $180 that they took from me. I suppose they want that."

He then referred to the meeting at which he said he spoke. "What did I say?" he shouted. "I said that the Constitution of the United States of North America permitted its citizens to carry arms. I told about St. Louis, where the men who were paid $5 a day by Jay Gould shot down whoever Gould said should be shot. A dozen men and women have been killed by them. I said the Williamsburg strikers were quiet, but the police clubbed them and fired at them. About the 8 hour movement and meeting on the first of May, I didn't advise the men to get guns. I said if they would carry guns instead of torch lights they would be more respected. I didn't tell them they must shoot. I said the Conititution let them carry arms. It did not make any difference what kind of arms. Certainly they could carry cannons, and of course bombs. But I didn't advise women to throw fire-brands in houses or tell anybody to throw vitriol out of windows on policemen.

"Beecher, you all know him, advises people from his pulpit Sunday after Sunday to buy rifles and guns to protect themselves. That is all the advice I gave. That meeting was orderly and not an unlawful assembly. You know what they are doing. They are not only putting me in prison, but they are doing away with free speech. It is the first step to bring the Republic down to a monarchy; next will be stopping the freedom of the press. Then we will only want an emperor."

This ended Most's address. The case was given to the jury late this afternoon, which, after a short deliberation, found the whole three guilty of the charge in the indictment—misdemeanor, and recommended Schenck to the mercy of the court. The prisoners will be sentenced on Wednesday next.

ANARCHIST SPIES VIEWS THE GALLOWS AND TALKS BRAVELY.

Chicago, May 28.—Anarchist August Spies was seen in the county jail, and upon being asked what he thought of his case now, said:

I don't think anything about it excepting as a hoax, and I think the capitalistic papers ought to be supppressed. If it will do the capitalists any good, I am satisfied to let them hang me now. My sentiments, in the past so freely expressed, are less incendiary than those of the capitalistic press since the recent labor troubles began. You must know that I don't care for my life. They may take my life, and they may take the lives of any of my friends, but revolution no man can hold down, and if revolution breaks out you will not be able to suppress it. See the great French revolution and other revolutions. Revolutions pass over human laws and human beings and their efforts. They don't care for human beings and human power. So we don't care for anything. Every revolution has its great sacrifices, and if you want to take my life you can do it. We did not throw the bomb. I am quite sure that one of the capitalists threw the bomb in order to get rid of us; in order to have a chance to jump on us.

Spies further said if he was hanged it would demonstrate what he has always maintained—that the laws and constitution are worthless. Fielden was next seen, and declares that he was a martyr. He was not guilty, but would not be surprised if the police trumped up a lot of evidence against him.

——Physicians will be wise in prescribing Keller's Catarrh Remedy. They can secure better results with it than from any other prescription and have the satisfaction of speedily curing their patients. Try it.

BOGUS BUTTER BURLESQUED.

Debate on the Oleomargarine Bill is Reduced to a "Screaming Farce."

Washington, May 27.—Debate on the Bogus Butter bill to-day in the House degenerated into a broad farce. Early in the day it became evident that opponents of the bill were determined to throw obstructions on the track. Various amendments were made and rejected, but the trouble began when Mr. Reagan, of Texas, proposed to extend the provisions of the special license tax section to watered milk, adulterated butter, ancient eggs, sanded sugar, glucose syrup, artificial honey, candles and soap of less weight than they are sold for, bottles of wine and liquor holding a less quantity than represented, adulterated wines and brandies, whiskies, shoddy clothes, shoes with brown paper soles, or any article of food, drink or wear which is impure, adulterated or short measure.

At once the point of order was raised that this was not germain. Reagan was met with cries and jeers and finally floored by a vote against him on appeal.

Mr. Tillman (S. C.) opposed the bill on the ground of its protective features. Then a storm of badinage set in. Opponents of the measure, finding themselves regularly outvoted, turned their batteries of ridicule on the measure. The following sample amendments were proposed:

Mr. Dougherty (Fla.,) proposing a tax on dealers in California and foreign oranges.

Mr. Findlay (Md.,) imposing a tax of $1,000 on manufacturers of glass eggs.

Mr. Adams (N. Y.,) that all manufacturers of incubators shall pay a tax of $10,000, and on every chicken hatched by artificial means there shall be imposed a tax of $2 for roosters and $1 for pullets, in order that the great American hen may be properly protected.

Mr. Springer, in the chair, tried to repress the pandemonium in the galleries and on the floor, ruling out each farcical amendment, but the filibusters had the field, and, after nearly an hour of fun and uproar, the House adjourned.

The Senate briefly considered the bill to forfeit certain land grants to the Northern Pacific, and, after adopting the conference report, listened to eulogies on the public services of the late Senator Miller, of California. Tributes to his life and character were paid by Messrs. Stanford, Hearst, Fair, Voorhees, Logan, Edmunds, Harrison and Dolph. Mr. Voorhees characterized the late Senator as the highest type of an American citizen and soldier, of whom Indiana, the state of his birth, was proud. He noted as a coincidence the fact that Mr. Miller had succeeded in the Senate Mr. Booth, who was also of Indiana birth.

ACCUSED OF TWO CHARGES OF MURDER.

Titusville, Pa., May 30.—A warrant has been issued for the arrest of Carrie Amsdell, of Gresham, for an attempt at murder. John Peterson had installed the Amsdell woman in his own household, and she, after squandering the most of his fortune, it is thought, set a trap into which Peterson's wife fell, breaking her neck a week ago, and on Saturday arsenic was administered to Peterson in his breakfast, from the effects of which he died. The girl fled, and the authorities are now on her track. The death of the wife was given as accidental, caused by falling down stairs, but since the poisoning Peterson revived sufficiently to make the two charges.

REV. SAM. JONES' ECCENTRICITIES.

(From a Sermon at Baltimore)

Now, don't bother yourselves about my eccentricties. They are not natural. They are all artificial. I put 'em on merely to attract you here. Just look around and see what a crowd you make (Laughter.) A good but tedious minister, who could not draw large congregations, was advised that if he would announce that there would be earthen dogs in the pews the next Sunday thousands of curious persons would come to see the poodles. (Laughter.) Another minister advertised that he would kick the panel out of the pulpit. (Laughter.) The church was thronged and there was 5,000 outside trying to get in. After he had got as many in the church as the building would hold he kicked the panel out as promised and then preached an earnest sermon. Thank God the good man had a panel to kick! (Laughter.) I have heard that some people say they won't come to hear me beause they don't like my style and methods, and do not wish to encourage me. Now, my friends, I don't want encouragement. I was doing well before I came here, and I reckon I'll get along when I leave. (Laughter and applause.) I shall continue to get three square meals a day and tolerably good clothes, and that's about all you'll have. A minister said to me, 'Mr. Jones, I prayed God to change your methods, and a voice seemed to say to me that if you were changed you would be as dull as I am." (Laughter) May the Lord help every man to preach the Gospel as he thinks best. I am ready to change my methods just as soon as somebody shows me a style by which I can catch more fish. (Laughter.) But before I swap my hook and line for somebody else's let me see how many fish he has on his string. (Laughter.)

Food for the brain and nerves that will invigorate the body without intoxicating, is what we need in these days of rush and worry. Parker's Tonic restores the vital energies, soothes the nerves and brings good health quicker than anything you can get. jun

The public debt has been decreased 9 million during May.

Dealers in precious stones, custom-house officials and detectives are all mysterious beings. They dislike to talk, but the word smuggle often sets their tongues a-wagging.

"I will relate an experience myself and three assistants once had with an expert diamond smuggler some time since," said a gray-haired customs man, "and then you'll see both how easy and difficult it is to smuggle."

The story was told in a graphic manner, as follows: Three large diamond dealers in Chicago employed a young Frenchman, who was considered an expert at smuggling, to procure for them $42,000 worth of the finest first-water gems. In some way the heavy purchase became known to a detective in Paris, who cabled to the officers here to watch for the smuggler. The purchase consisted of 107 fine stones, and the detective in Paris had a "straight tip" from a shoemaker that the Frenchman's high heels contained the gems.

He arrived and was politely conducted to a private examination room. Off came the boots and the Frenchman grew pale as a pearl. The heels were sounded and in a minute later one thickness of leather was taken off. Out rolled a piece of tissue paper and fifty-eight fine white stones. The Frenchman appeared crazy. He fumed, swore and almost wept. In the other heel the remaining gems, forty-nine in number, were found. The Frenchman put on his boots, and seemingly dazed, walked away.

He was a "cute 'un." The "gems" were the finest "Parisian," worth $10 a peck, and the real article was snugly encased in his big box toes. He paid his shoemaker a handsomer price than the sharp detective. Those gems are in Chicago now, and the bogus ones adorn a hundred shirt fronts in the custom house.

Women! Yes, they are the best smugglers of all; any custom house officer will confirm this fact. They have more ingenuity than men and more innocence wherewith to look the examiner calmly in the eye. How many ladies who go regularly abroad and pay their expenses by smuggling is not and never will be known. They are many, nevertheless.

SOME OF THE CUTE DODGES PLAYED.

One of the cutest dodges ever played on the tariff enforcers is related of a young and pretty lady who lived and probably still lives in Boston. She had gone to Berlin on a visit during her trip abroad and while there saw four beautiful diamonds. Her means would just allow her to purchase them and pay her way home. In her dilemma she conceived a plan. Four large cavities were bored into her four largest teeth, the gems covered over and she departed. The duties would have cost her $60, but she smiled on the officer who made the examination and passed innocently from the wharf.

Large quantities of diamonds, pearls and rubies are frequently baked in bread, sold with an understanding to the steward, who sees that they are so dry and hard at the end of the voyage that he must give it to a 'longshoreman who has a large and hungry family. As 'longshoremen don't feed their families on precious stones the bread is broken and its contents placed in little chamois-skin bags and carried to the honest dealer in gems.

When the gems are hidden in trunks false bottoms are never resorted to. The dodge is too old and transparent. A regular line of small auger-cells are made in the sides and bottom. These are filled with the gems and a new paper inside cover pasted neatly over. Woe to the smuggler who happens to have one of those cells cracked open. The eagle eye of the law is always looking.

"Only one professional smuggler in a hundred is ever caught. They make it a study, science and business. They pass right under our noses and in front of our eyes with hidden fortunes. Accident or information from the other side are our only means of hauling 'em in."

So said an officer who considers himself one of the sharpest in the service.

Lady examiners in the employ of the custom house are equally as cute as the smugglers sometime, and are frequently the captors of big government hauls. She knows where in a woman's apparel is the most likely place to find smuggled goods. They are sometimes mistaken, however, as well as the men. Not very long ago a German woman was reported to arrive on a certain steamer with a fortune in jewels on her person. She came and was duly examined. The scrutiny she underwent was so severe that the lady custom house officials apologized over and over again.

The foreigner smiled and said that she did not blame them for doing their duty, and supposed some malicious person had sent the dispatch to annoy her. She entered a cab and the hat she wore was decked with a fortune in gems. They were covered with wax and represented a bunch of grapes. These the official ladies had admired when they examined the hat-lining and cover.

The ways and devices for smuggling are almost as numerous as the stars, and the jewels brought to America without paying tribute to Uncle Sam are frequently as bright.—New York Journal.

A Razor Warranted Not to Cut.

"The latest thing out for street fakirs," said a man who makes his living supplying goods to the merchants of the pavement, "is a safety razor. It is one of the neatest things put on the market for many a year, and the boys expect to do well with it. The razor-blade is circular, and is protected by a little metal guard which is said to make cutting of the face impossible. All a man has to do is to skim the mechanical razor around over his face, just as he would a wash-rag, and in a minute or two he is shaved. You know there are a good many men who would like to shave themselves, but who can't learn to handle a razor. These are the men whom the boys expect to catch. The way they'll talk economy, and figure up that a man spends enough in a year for shaves to clothe him, will be a caution. The safety razor ought to be a good racket.—Chicago Herald.

The Subject of College Rivalries.

President Eliot, at the recent Harvard dinner, made some sensible remarks on the subject of college rivalries. "Whatever of fun there may be in the rivalries between our colleges," he said, "real antagonism between them should be avoided. The total number of men resorting to the colleges of the country has not kept pace with the progress of the population. This is not true of Harvard; but of the great mass of the colleges together it is true, and I think that the antagonism between colleges, working on the public mind, is responsible for this. As to numbers, I wish to say in behalf of Harvard that we distinctly repudiate numbers as a test of success when applied to colleges."—Frank Leslie's Illustrated.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—Daniel and Louis Mann killed Marshal Campbell and wounded Officer McCormick at Bartow, Florida, on the 15th, and on the same evening were taken from the jail and lynched by a mob. James Jemison and Charles Jones, colored barbers, quarrelled in Chicago on the 15th and Jones nearly severed Jemison's head from his body with a razor. Victor Colquitt, 35 years of age, was found on the street in Jersey City on the 15th, with his skull factured, and he died while being taken to the hospital. It was reported that he had quarrelled with two canal boatmen, and that one of them had knocked him down.

—A man named Glenn, just arrived in El Paso, Texas, from Sonora, Mexico, gives an account of the atrocities of Geronimo and his Apaches in Sonora and Southern Arizona: "The Indians seem encouraged, and are more bloodthirsty than for several months, and Mexicans and their families, as well as the Americans, are indiscriminately butchered when found. Three surveyors who recently went into the mountains have disappeared, and no traces of them can be found. There is no doubt they were butchered. Northern Sonora is terribly excited over the report that a body of Mexicans, numbering fifty men, have been surrounded in the mountains and are in danger of being massacred."

—A number of men gathered at a house at the Cliff Mine, near Pittsburg, on the 15th, "to spend the evening," and one of them, Frederick Howcroft, got into a fight with Weston Butler, colored. Butler drew a knife and slashed Howcroft, who called for help. The others wished to stop the fight, but Butler, slashing right and left with the knife at all who got within his reach, succeeded in escaping. Five men were cut, two of them, Howcroft and Joseph Yates, perhaps fatally.

—While two sections of a train carrying Forepaugh's circus was going up a grade on the Syracuse and Binghamton railroad on the 14th the first section broke in two and dashed into the other throwing it into a ditch. Several men were severely injured.

—By an explosion of hot metal in the converting department of the Bessemer Steel Works at Johnstown, Penna., on the 14th five men and a boy were severely injured. All are expected to recover.

—Chesley Perkins, aged 41 years, was found dead in bed with his throat cut, at Pittsburg, New Hamsphire, on the 15th. One year ago his father died, leaving him $75,000.

—Patrick Reddington, city marshal of Shannon, Illinois, was killed by Charles Lashell, on the 14th. Reddington was trying to arrest Lashell, who was drunk, when the latter cut him in the neck with a razor.

—The Cincinnati Art Museum, built through the munificence of the late Charles W. West, who gave $150,000 upon the condition that the citizens should give a like sum and who afterwards gave $150,000 to endow the museum, was thrown open to the public on the 17th. The ceremonies included brief addresses by Mr. M. E. Ingalls, President of the Art Museum Association; A. T. Goshorn, director, and Amor Smith, Jr., Mayor, and vocal and instrumental music. The building is of limestone, is fire-proof, well lighted and entirely isolated except that a similar building for the Art School of kindred purpose stands near it. The situation is one of the highest points in Eden Park. There is already a very valuable collection of art treasures in the new building.

—Mrs. James Collins was on the 17th found murdered in her bed in Hoboken, New Jersey. Her husband has been arrested for the crime. The wife of Theodore Charland, of Levis, Quebec, was found murdered in her house on the 16th. Her husband, who was the only person in the house at the time, has been arrested. A telegram from Danville, Virginia, reports a desperate fight at Martinsville on the 17th between between Colonel P. D. Spencer and the Terry brothers. J. K. Terry was killed, and Spencer, Tarleton Brown, Hugh Dyer, Robert Gregory and two negroes were fearfully if not fatally wounded.

—Colonel "Bart." Jenkins, Sergeant-at-arms of the Kentucky Senate, quarreled on the 17th with his son William at a hotel dinner table in Frankfort. The father threw a glass at the son, and the latter fired a revolver at the father, but neither was hurt.

—The latest reports of the tornado at Celina, Ohio on the 15th show that three persons were killed and seven injured. Three of the latter were not expected to recover.

—An unknown, well-dressed man, under forty years of age, who said he was from Camden, New Jersey, and had family troubles, committed suicide on the 17th by jumping from a bridge at Pittsburg.

—At Joliet, Illinois, on the 17th, Albert Miller, 26 years of age, and Mrs Black, a widow of 45, were found dead in Miller's room, each with a bullet hole in the head. Mrs. Black had lived with Miller some time. She was twice married, and both her husbands died suddenly.

—The President has signed the bill granting the Kensington and Tacony railroad the right of way through the Arsenal grounds at Philadelphia.

—At the recent term of the U. S. Court at Jackson, Tennessee, twelve persons were convicted of perjury, forgery or other violations of the Pension laws, by which various sums of money were wrongfully obtained, in many instances on forged pension receipts, in the names of deceased pensioners. Of twenty-nine indictments returned for these offences seventeen went over to the next term of Court.

—At Buffalo, on the 18th, Lorenzo Dimwick, General Agent of the Continental Insurance Company, who was convicted of grand larceny in transferring policies into other companies after losses had occurred, was sentenced by Judge Childs to five years in Auburn prison. A stay of proceedings was granted, pending an appeal to a higher Court.

—Plymouth White, alias Frank Parke, alias "Plin" White, a notorious "confidence man," died in Reading, Vermont, on the 16th. He was about 67 years of age. It is said that during the last thirty-five years of his life he swindled business men, grangers and confiding women out of sums amounting in the aggregate to $1,500,000; that he crossed the ocean sixteen times to escape arrest, and that he was a bigamist, two of his wives having lived in Boston at the same time. This consummate scoundrel was highly educated, and refined in appearance and manners.

—There was severe frost in New Hampshire and Vermont on the 17th. In some places early vegetables were killed, and the fruit prospect was seriously affected.

—One of the buildings of the Penn Hardware Company at Reading, Penna., was burned on the 18th. The loss is estimated at about $25,000. The barn of G. W. McPherson, at Dromore, Lancaster county, Penna., was destroyed on the 17th, by an incendiary fire, with its contents. Loss $5000.

—Deputy U. S. Marshall Andrews and a posse of three men were all mortally wounded by William Pigeon, whom they were trying to arrest in the Indian Territory a few days ago. Pigeon had killed twelve men, and a large reward was offered for his capture, dead or alive.

—A fire broke out in a hall in which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was being performed at Westerville, near Columbus, Ohio, on the 17th, and thirteen persons were burned or injured, one fatally. The fire was confined to the stage.

—One of the boilers of the rolling mill at Kittanning, Penna., burst on the 18th, demolishing the boiler-house. It was reported that six tramps were buried in the ruins, but their bodies had not been recovered at noon.

—Henry Evans and Berkey Knox have died from injuries received at the fire during a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in Westerfield, Ohio. on the 17th. Four others are not expected to recover.

—The house of Mrs. Mary Mooney, a widow, near Akron, Ohio, was burned on the 18th, and her four children, whose ages range from 4 to 12 years, perished. Lawrence Mooney, aged 40 years, her brother-in-law, was dangerously, if not fatally, burned while trying to save the children.

—Frank's chemical factory, in Hoboken, New Jersey, was on the 19th burned out by a fire which was preced by a loud report, as if from explosion. Three men in the third floor—Edward Terry, John Hoffman and Joseph Heiser—were terribly burned, and are not expected to recover.

—There were four incendiary fires in Little Rock early on the 18th, none of which did much damage. It is supposed the object of the incendiaries was to draw people from their dwellings and then rob the houses.

—In Lincoln county, West Virginia, on the 17th, Mrs. Margaret Donnan, a widow, insane from religious fanaticism, cut the throats of her three daughters, aged respectfully, 8, 10 and 12 years, and then killed herself by plunging the knife into her heart.

—Inspector Bonfield, at Chicago, has received from Connecticut manufacturers what is called a "riot gun," for use by the city police. It is a centre-fire weapon, with a spring needle, and shoots six times without reloading. Its six shells each hold nine buckshot a little larger than a twenty-two-calibre ball. "It operates rapidly, and is said to be very efficacious in scattering a crowd."

—James Whitney, a street-car driver, was shot dead while turning his car at a street corner in Denver on the 19th. The murderer is unknown. It is though robbery was the object. "Hal." Geiger, a notorious colored politician, was shot dead by O. D. Cannon, Prosecuting Attorney, in the Mayor's Court at Hearne, Texas, on the 19th. Geiger interrupted the proceedings in a case, applied insulting language to the Prosecuting Attorney and advanced towards him threatingly. Cannon thereupon drew a revolver and fired five shots in rapid succession into Geiger, each shot taking effect. At Salt Lake City on the 18th, John A. Flowers shot his wife and mother-in-law, Mrs. Decker, and in an attempt to shoot his brother-in-law, Lester Decker, killed himself. Flowers and his wife had been separated, and he called at her mother's to induce her to return to him.

—Mrs. Alice Pendleton, aged 61 years, wife of ex-Governor Pendleton, of Ohio, and present Minister to Berlin, was thrown from her carriage while driving in Central Park, New York, on the 20th. The result was compound fracture of the skull and concussion of the brain, from which she died ten minutes after the accident.

—The Glendale coal breaker, near Scranton, Penna., was struck by lightning on the 20th and totally destroyed. Loss, $35,000; insurance $19,000.

—In New York on the 20th, Alderman Jaehne was sentenced by Judge Barrett to nine years and ten months' imprisonment in Sing Sing Penitentiary. A temporary stay of proceedings was obtained from Judge Daniels, and an order to show cause why the stay should not be made permament pending appeal. After hearing the application Judge Daniels denied the motion, and Jaehne was taken to Sing Sing.

—Julius Frankel, 32 years of age was arrested in Chicago on Wednesday, charged with forgery. On searching his rooms the police found bonds, mortgages and stocks amounting to half a million dollars, which he claims are all legimate property. The case will be investigated.

—All the saloon keepers and druggists in Marshall, Illinois, have been indicted either for selling liquor without a license or selling to minors.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate on the 17th, Mr. Frye called up the House Shipping bill, abolishing the fees for measuring tonnage, for issuing licenses, registering certificates, etc. He moved to add to it, as a new section, the provisions of the bill recently reported by him from the Committe on Commerce authorizing the President to issue a proclamation, whenever he may deem proper, denying to vessels of foreign countries such privileges as are denied in such foreign countries to vessels of the United States. The amendment was agreed to, and the bill as amended passed. Then, on motion of Mr. Frye, a Committeee of Conference was ordered on the disagreeing votes of the two Houses upon the bill. The Pension bill was considered, pending which the Senate went into executive session and when the doors were reopened adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 18th, a motion to take up the Staten Island Bridge bill was lost—yeas 22, nays 24—but the bill was permitted to retain its place on the calendar. Mr. Coke spoke in support of the Labor Arbitration bill, which had been received from the House. The Pension bill was discussed. Mr. McPherson said the Senate was not definitely informed as to the amount the bill would take from the Treasury. In order to get some information as to the approximate amount, he moved that the bill be recommitted to the Committee on Pensions. After debate, without voting on the motion, the Senate went into Executive session, and, when the doors were reopened, adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 19th, the Staten Island Bridge bill was taken up, and Mr. McPherson offered an amendment providing for a tunnel instead of a bridge. He spoke in support of the amendment, but before he had finished the morning hour expired and the bill went over. The Pension bill then came up, the pending question being that of Mr. McPherson to recommit the bill to the committee, with instructions to submit to the Senate an estimate of the expense that would be incurred by its passage. The motion was rejected—yeas 14, nays 28. The bill was then passed by a vote of 34 to 14, and goes to the House. The Bankruptcy bill was taken up, whereupon the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 20th, the Staten Island Bridge bill was discussed, and Mr. McPherson's amendment providing for a tunnel was rejected—yeas 5, nays 40. The bill was then passed by a viva voce vote, as reported from the committee, with an amendment offered by Mr. Vest, authorizing the Secretary of War, if he should deem an alteration of the bridge necessary, to avoid obstruction to commerce, he may order its alteration or removal at the expense of the owners, and if the bridge be not finished within two years the right to build shall cease. The Bankruptcy bill was taken up, and the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE

In the House a number of bills were introduced and referred under the call of States. The Urgent Deficiency bill was passed. The rules were suspended and a resolution was adopted setting apart the 5th and 8th of June for the consideration of business reported from the Committe on Pacific Railroads. The rules were suspended and a Senate bill was passed—203 to 8—to provide for the study of the nature of alcoholic drinks and narcotics, and of their effects upon the human system, in connection with the several divisions of the subject of physiology and hygiene by the pupils in the public schools of the Territories and of the District of Columbia, and in the military and naval academies, and Indian and colored schools in the Territories of the United States. Mr. O'Neill, Missouri, from the Committee on Labor, moved to suspend the rules and adopt a resolution setting apart the 3rd of June and subsequent days for the consideration of business presented by that committee. The resolution was agreed to. Adjourned.

In the House on the 18th, Mr. Harris from the Ways and Means Committee reported a bill to reduce the penal sum of the bonds of cigar manufacturers to $250, with an additional $50 for each person proposed to be employed by them in making cigars. Mr. Sadler, from the Committee on Territories, reported adversely a bill to regulate the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the Territories Laid on the table. The Post-office Appropriation bill was reported with the Senate amendments, and the House went into Committee of the Whole to consider them. Pending debate on the mail subsidy clause, the committee rose and the House adjourned.

In the House on the 19th, Mr. Dibble, of South Carolina, from the Committee on the Laws Regulating the Election of President, reported a joint resolution proposing a constitutional amendment creating and defining the office of Second Vice President of the United States. It was placed on the calendar. The Senate amendments to the Post-office Appropriation bill were considered in Committee of the Whole, the subsidy clause being discussed at some length. Finally general debate was closed, the committee rose and the House adjourned.

In the House on the 20th the Legislative, Executive and Judical Appropriation bill was reported and referred to the Committee of the Whole. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Senate amedments to the Post-office Appropriation bill. The foreign mail subsidy claus having been reached, Mr. Blount, of Georgia, moved non-concurrence therein. Mr. Burrows of Michigan, moved concurrence, with an amendment providing that not more than $400,000 of the amount ($800,000) appropriated shall be paid to existing American steamship lines, "and that so much of the balance as may be required shall be expended in increasing the frequency of the postal service of such steamship lines, and in the establishment of postal service of such steamship lines, and in the establishment of postal service by American built and registered steamships between the United States and such ports of the foreign countries herein named, not now connected with the United States by American steamship lines, as the Postmaster General may elect, including Buenos Ayres and Montevideo." Adjourned.

A DAY SPENT IN GENEVA.

Life as Seen in the Great Stronghold of Protestantism.

Geneva is a thoroughly protestant, though not a puritanical, center of thought. Despite the presence among them of a few thousand of free-thinkers or atheists, the vast majority of whom are foreigners, the people have a strong, robust faith in Christianity of the Lutheran school. I found, however, in nearly every class of society a certain exclusiveness, which struck me as being rather intolerant, in regard to Roman Catholics, who number here a very small fraction of the population. Protstants in the United States would be surprised to learn that their coreligionists in Geneva detest almost everybody and everything bearing the stamp of the Vatican. Pastors are here, "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa," and the churches are proportionately numerous. There are, of course, many religious sects that support their own ministers, but the national church is the prominent one. A stroll through the town on Sunday would show one how the inhabitants pay their devoirs at the shrines of religion and pleasure, without sacrificing one to the exigencies of the other. In the forenoon we have the calm and tranquility of the Sabbath. Silent groups hasten along to the different places of worship, which are usually very well attended. All the shops are closed, and the tolling of the cathedral and other bells reverberates solemnly through the half-deserted streets. Once however, the mid-day meal is over the city resumes its habitually animated appearance. Jewelers' shops and drapery stores are open, the rush and roar of business go on everywhere, and the *cafes* become filled with gay pleasure-seekers. In no city I have visited did I see such a sudden metamorphosis, as here in the space of an hour or so. It had in the morning far more of the lugubrious aspect of London about it, while during the afternoon it was as gay and lively as the capital on the banks of the Seine. Last Sunday I made my way to the *brasseria de la rive* one of the largest drinking saloons in Geneva, in order to see what *cafe* life was like. The establishment was of but ordinary width, but measured more than six ordinary dram shops. On entering it for the first time, it looked even longer, owing to the massive mirrors arrayed from floor to ceiling along the walls. At the end of the salle was a dais, where an orchestra was playing gay and rollicking selections from Offenbach. Around the tables were seated men, women and children, drinking white wine and beer, and looking the very picture of delight and contentment. I was not surprised at seeing ladies and gentlemen in such numbers, but I was, I confess, rather amazed at beholding toddling babes and romping gamins wiping the tears from their eyes and the clouds of cigar smoke that filled the atmosphere; but I was told that this was an ordinary occurrence, as it is the custom for middle-class families to spend the Sunday afternoon in such a fashion.

Geneva was at one time the home of French communists, till the late amnesty relieved the citizens of their society. I was pointed out the table, in a cafe near the Rhone, where Henri Rochefort, when in exile, used to sit and write his articles for the *Rappel* of Paris. Here the celebrated lanterner would be surrounded by his faithful friends and lieutenants—among them being Oliver Pain of adventurous memory. Here also Jules Verne would pen his seathing diatribes against the aristocracy and bourgeoise. Now, however there are no communists here who were compromised in the insurrectionary movement of 1871; but we have still no small number of fanatical refugees from all European nations—the rag-tag and bobtail of socialism to which Switzerland affords a not over-willing or generous hospitality.

The Czar in the Crimea.

The charming little watering-place of Yalta, called the Crimean Naples, has become almost unbearable for ordinary visitors since the czar's arrival at Livadia. Everybody is watched and annoyed by the host of spies, detectives, and secret police. This extraordinary surveillance is exercised without the knowledge of his majesty, who is averse to such excessive precautions. This was shown during his visit to the Polish capitol, when he broke loose from the restraint, evaded his guardians, and, with the empress and only two attendants, paid a visit to the theater, where their majestics were recognized and cheered. The czar will personally attend the launching of two new war ships at Sebastopol at the end of the present month.

—A handsome bonnet is made entirely of jet, and trimmed with shaded velvet roses in tints of red. Over these a veil of thinnest red gauze is drawn, as well as over a great part of the jet. The effect is inconceivably light and pretty, and extremely becoming. A late fancy that is all the rage in New York is the riding hat. It is shaped exactly like a gentleman's high hat, excepting that the crown is not so tall. It is shown in black only. A gray bonnet composed of rows upon rows of gray-tinted pearl beads had a trimming of loops of gauze ribbon and a sheaf of growing buds and strings of gauze ribbon.

ADULTERATED WINES.

Honest California Wine Growers Protest Against the Adulterated Product.

A correspondence has just been printed in pamphlet form between the chief executive of the California Viticultural Commission and the Internal Revenue Department with reference to the use of sprits in "fortifying" native wines. The correspondence shows a leak in the revenue service of quite extensive proportions, an adulteration of wines which is destructive of the pure article, and a danger to health, which should be guarded against by strict laws. The ground taken is that all alcohol other than that distilled from grapes is deleterious to wine, should be taxed the same as such alcohols are usually taxed, and that exemption from taxation should only apply to alcohol distilled from the grape when used to fortify wines. The California Commissioner shows that only those wines which contain saccharine matter, and which must be treated by exposure to the atmosphere, should contain distilled spirits. Dry wines, other than sherries, need contain no distilled spirits, and should not be recognized as genuine if fortified.

A mixture of whisky and wine put upon the market is a fraud. The honest sweet-winemakers demand the right to use untaxed their own pure wine spirits to preserve their product, and when the winemaker is not—as he should be—a distiller of wine spirits, he should still, under proper limitations and control, be permitted to secure, free of tax, such wine spirits as he may need in fortifying sweet wine. What the honest wine producers are asking the government is protection against grain spirits in wine, and for some relief from spurious winemakers. They charge the latter with fortifying wine with low-priced alcohol, and with "stretching" native wines with water, and they prove by analysis that often both salicylic acid and the aniline dyes are used to color clarets and wines of other grades. They object, further, to the entry from abroad, under a low tax, of cherry juice, bilberry juice, or prime juice, known as fruit juices, of which, at San Francisco alone, seventy thousand gallons were imported last year.

These fraudulent "fruit juices" are used solely for compounding with wine, the alcohol contained in them being one object of value and the coloring matter another. With such materials reduced with water, colored still further with aniline dyes and preserved with salicylic acid, dealers can buy domestic wines at fifty cents per gallon and retail them at thirty cents. There is no doubt a large adulteration of wines both in this country and abroad. In France, as is well known, while the government exercises a strict supervision over all wines consumed at home, wines for exportation are allowed to be doctored at the pleasure of the manufacturer.

A Piano's Age.

"How long will a piano last?" asked a reporter recently, of a veteran tuner and repairer.

"You can bang a good one to death in five years; you can treat it moderately and get music out of it for twenty," was the answer. "Three hours a day of exercise on an average is not too much for the latter duration. Of course the make of the piano, exposure to dampness, moths, etc., enter into the question and make the time within these limits longer or shorter. Here is an old Pleyel grand piano which has been in use for twenty-seven years. It cost, when new, about $1200 in Paris, and could not be duplicated now for less than $1100. I have just made a contract to repair it for $150, after which it will be as good as ever it was and it will last just as long. Not more than $250 could be realized on it if sold, so that you see how wise it is to have pianos repaired instead of selling the old and buying a new one. Especially so with a piano of this make and form. There is little or no sale for grand pianos just now and even the square are out of fashion. They take up too much room. By the figures of twenty-seven years ago and now for a Pleyel of this kind you will see that there has been but little depreciation in price, the action then was as good as now, and some say that the old make Pleyels are better than the new."

"You've never known a piano to last longer than this one?"

"No; and this is a rare instance. It evidently never had any boarding-house or boarding-school experience, has been well treated and is of the best make. Whenever you hear anybody say anything about a piano having been used for over twenty-five years you may rest assured that for a number of these years there has been no music in it. The large majority of pianos give out in less than a score of years. By that time moderate use has so cut the felt of the hammers which strike the chords that the notes are sharp and harsh, and refelting at least is necessary. The felt with which we do this repairing comes in sheets of graded thickness to correspond to the chords, so that we have only to fit it on."

A CHICAGO young woman has her hair dyed to match her horse. The horse is her roan, but there is a difference between the best judges in regard to her hair.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A man who cannot command his temper should not think of being a man of business.

The faith of immortality depends on a sense of it begotten, not on an argument concluded.

Where we are ignorant, God is wise; where we stand blindly in the dark, He is in the light.

Life has no wretchedness equal to an ill-assorted marriage—it is the sepulchre of the heart, haunted by the ghost of past affections and hopes gone forever.

It is injurious to be in a hurry, and delay is often equally so; he is wise who does anything in proper time. Tardiness and precipitation are extremes equally to be avoided.

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than man can bear.

It is not necessary thou shouldst confess in the presence of another. Let the inquiry of thine offense be made in thy thought; let this judgement be without witnesses; let God alone see the confession.

Let grace and goodnes be the principal loadstone of thy affections. For love which hath ends will have an end, whereas that which is founded on true virtue will always continue.

The warm sunshine and the gentle zephyr may melt the glacier which has bid defiance to the howling tempest; so the voice of kindness will touch the heart which no severity could subdue.

The way to honor a true man as he would be honored when death forces others to enter upon his labors is to continue them as he would have done had he lived.

The noblest spirits are those who turn to heaven, not in the hour of sorrow, but in that of joy; like the lark, they wait for the clouds to disperse, that they may soar up into their native elements.

Two persons came to a clergymen to have a dispute settled. Each believed the other to be in the wrong. After he had heard them all through, he settled it in this way: "Let the innocent forgive the guilty."

All argument and effort are forever at an end unless truth—yea *all truty*,—be precious; so precious, that in the legitimate pursuit of it, we worry and ought to put forth our utmost strength, and in defense of it, when found, incur the utmost hazard.

It cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions, and that it is absurd to expect it without it as it is to look for a harvest without seeds.

Testimony is an arrow shot from a long bow; its force depends on the strength of the hand that draws it. Argument is like an arrow from a crossbow, which has the same force whether shot by a man or a child.

The crown of man's manhood is some insight or authority of knowledge that puts him above the ordinaiy plan of everyday things; he must take hold somewhere, spiritually or intellectually, upon the things of God.

To aim at excellence in one thing, rather than mediocrity in many, to undertake few things, and those few with a whole soul, will greatly help to ward off the tyranny of care.

There are moments in a man's life when he feels that the greatest enemy he has in the world is himself. At such times one's guardian angel is close at hand and should be listened to.

To endeavor to drown sorrow is as futile as to try to change the course of the sun. Nature must, and ought to have its way. If counteracted in her course she will exact the penalty sooner or later from the offender.

It is a secret known to but few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is whether he has a greater inclination to hear you or that you should hear him.

Keep the tongue from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds, not very deep wounds always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes, when there is no unkindness in the heart. So much the worse, that unintentional pain is caused.

Common sense is looked upon as a vulgar quality, but nevertheless it is the only talisman to conduct us prosperously through the world, The man of refined sense has been compared to one who carries about him nothing but gold, when he may be every moment in want of smaller change.

In the memoir of Dr. E. N. Kirk it is recorded that some one asked him how a Christian should best show himself a Christian in society. His reply was, "I always put myself in this attitude before leaving home: 'Lord, give me an opportunity to honor thee, and a heart to embrace the opportunity.' This is all our Lord requires."

It is not the "flesh," nor the "eye," nor the "life," which are forbidden, but it is the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. It is not this earth, nor the men who inhabit it, nor the sphere of our legitimate activity that we love, but the way in which the love is given, which constitutes worldliness.

Nothing seems to teach us that God is all on our side. It has taken men 6,000 years to find out some part of the provision for our good which He has laid up in the material world, and it seems it will take us even longer to discover the provision He has made for feeling and thought and for spiritual strength and joy.

If you wish to give an extra touch to your cottage pudding, after it is in the tin ready to bake put little lumps of butter on the top and scatter sugar and cinnamon over it.

A NEW YORK farmer states that he used only coal gas tar to prevent the ravages of the potato beetle. He puts a gallon of tar in a tub, over which he pours boiling water, which is allowed to settle and cool. This is sprinkled over the vines with an ordinary sprinkler. A gallon of tar, costing seventy-five cents, suffices for several acres of potatoes.

A Vocal Tragedy.

Silvery-noted,
Lily-throated,
Starry-eyed and golden-haired,
Charming Anna,
The soprano,
All the singers' hearts ensnared.

Long the tenor
Sought to win her,
Sought to win her for his bride,
And the basso,
With Love's lasso,
Oft to snare the maiden tried.

The demeanor
Of the tenor
To the basso frigid grew.
And the basso,
As he was so
Mashed, of course grew frigid too.

Anna smiled on
Both, which piled on
To their mutual hatred fuel,
So, to win her,
Bass and tenor,
Swore they'd fight a vocal duel.

Shrieked the tenor
Like a Vennor
Cyclone howlings o'er the plain,
Sang so high he
To outvie the
Bass, he split his head in twain.

Growled the basso
Till he was so
Low to hear him was a treat,
Lower still he
Went until he
Split the soles of both his feet.

Charming Anna,
The soprano,
Mourned a week for both her fellows,
Then she wed the
Man who fed the
Wind into the organ bellows.

THE BOMBSHELL.

New Year's day and its accompanying presents have recalled a reminiscence of the Siege of Paris, a personal experience which does me honor, and of which I am proud.

Let the reader, however, not be alarmed. I shall not take him to the ramparts, nor call upon him to visit the outposts; he shall not be asked to go farther, in fact, than the Rue de Trevise, where resided my old friend, Dutailly, a wealthy manufacturer of chemicals, the husband of an excellent wife, the father of a charming daughter, skilful in his business and a good patriot, though a little wild on the subject of politics. In short, one of the best men that ever lived.

Although surprised with every one else, by the actual investment of Paris, Mme. Dutailly, like a prudent woman, had long been engaged in the work of provisioning her establishment, and had amassed such an abundance of provisions that, had the siege lasted three months longer, the Dutaillys would not have known want. From the month of October her family had reason to bless her, and as a plate was laid for me regularly I had equal cause to rejoice at the wise forethought which had secured results so satisfactory. How was it possible not to grow enthusiastic in those days of privation over an omelette an lard and a bit of gruyere, washed down with an excellent wine?

I was not the only guest welcome at this hospitable board. Another plate was placed by the side of mine. It was for young Anatole Brichaut, head clerk in the factory. This brave fellow, melancholy, lean, rather timid, was deeply in love with his employer's daughter, M'lle Gertrude, who did not seem at all insensible to his passion. Without any discussion, the marriage of these two young people seemed to have been tacitly agreed upon. Unfortunately the war had postponed the denouement. Brichaut, a corporal in the volunteers of the Seine, discharged his duty as a soldier as conscienciously as he did everything, but without enthusiasm, and cursed the unending siege which had retarded his happiness. He also permitted himself to criticise the military operations without rancor, but not without a touch of bitterness.

These criticisms somewhat disturbed the composure of Father Dutailly, an enthusiastic admirer of General Trochu. About this time a writer on the *Temps* was engaged in inditing a series of articles reviewing the course of the war in the provinces, and explaining, by the aid of a fervid imagination, what movements might have been attempted. Dutailly took these romances seriously, and predicted, by their lurid light, important victories in the near future. Brichaut, an unbeliever, ventured now and then a timid objection. Dutailly became excited, lost his head, and could not be consoled for his clerk's want of faith in such brilliant strategy.

The appearance of a new guest still more complicated the situation. I was surprised one evening to see in my place, on Mme. Dutailly's right a stranger with a high color, broad shoulders, blustering and vain-glorious. He wore a captain's distinguishing decoration on a fanciful uniform that had evidently come out of a theatrical wardrobe, with enormous boots in which it would have been impossible to disguise a hero.

"M. Robillard," said Dutailly, on introducing us, "captain of the 'Enfants Perdus' of Courbevoie."

I had not got through with the soup before Robillard fascinated me. The exploits of this gallant warrior seemed to have consisted in exploring the deserted mansions of the suburbs, removing to a place of safety any furniture that could tempt the cupidity of the enemy, the owners being unknown. I was wondering how this capacious-jawed mandarin happened to be there that night nibbling at our share of the cheese, when Mme. Dutailly informed me, not without emotion. As night was coming on she had fallen on the Boulevard, and the consequences might have been serious had not Robillard come to her rescue and brought her home a little flurried. Out of gratitude she had invited him to dinner. The explanation consoled me. I trusted that I had seen the last of the doughty warrior. The war, he said, had brought him back to Paris, whose safety demanded his presence. As to his adventures in the suburbs at the head of the Enfants Perdus they surpassed belief. "The enemy could do no more! With 5000 fellows like those the siege could be raised," etc.

Mme. Dutailly listened to these romances greedily. Neither did Dutailly seriously resist the inclination to credit these tales of military prowess. As to the poor little volunteer, he seemed totally eclipsed by the presence of this egregious braggart.

I invented an excuse for leaving after the coffee utterly disgusted with the rhodomontade of this Gascon, for whom I believed I was parting forever, but in which belief I was terribly deceived. On the following Sunday he reappeared; he came again on Thursday, and finally his plate was laid at all the repasts as regularly as my own. M. Dutailly's household had been charmed as completely as the bird that the snake selects for its victim. Robillard had gained an influence over Mme. Dutailly by his droll stories, had won her husband by his apparent interest in the military operations in the *Temps*. Anatole visibly lost ground at every meal, ground which this bully as visibly occupied.

The former's discomfiture was especially noticeable after the engagement at Bourget, where the poor boy had bravely done his duty, and whence he returned to us wounded in the forearm. He gave us all the details of the affair and the circumstances of the sad end of the heroic combat with so profound a sadness that the captain seemed inclined to charge him with cowardice. With what a noble indignation the latter pointed out that if the Enfants Perdus had taken part in the engagement things would have turned out differently. Thereupon, warming with the subject, he drew the plan of a sortie, including the passage of the Oise, the march upon Rouen, and the triumphal arrival at Havre so graphically as to excite Dutailly to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. And this while the poor Anatole, humiliated, was still suffering in silence from his unhealed wound.

The next day he was feverish, kept his bed, and for several weeks was absent from the table. The captain lost no time in ingratiating himself with the charming Gertrude. The day that Anatole returned to us, thinner than ever, it seemed to me that the young lady's eyes were red as the consequence of some wordy skirmish between herself and her mother, who was now more than ever infatuated with Robillard. I thought it was about time to interfere in behalf of these poor children. It was, in fact, the last Sunday of the year, and the conversation naturally turned upon New Year's day, which was to be observed as a family feast.

"Parbleu! Dear Mme. Dutailly," cried the captain, "I must give you a surprise for your present."

This gave me the idea of preparing one on my own account.

On the eventful day Dutailly received us beaming and with open arms. The strategist of the *Temps* had just beaten (on paper) Prince Charles out of his boots in the neighborhood of Evreux. Dutailly presented us with this piece of news for our New Year's gift. Anatole brought a rabbit which had been caught in a trap in the devastated island of St. Denis. As to the captain he presented to Mme. Dutailly an immense bag of marrons glaces in a German helmet.

"Dear Madame," said he, smiling, "it was quite possible for me to have given you the head of the owner of this helmet as well."

"What!" cried Mme. Dutailly, lost in admiration, "you actually killed him!"

"In order to offer you those bon-bons, which are not, I may be free to say, within the reach of everybody."

I spare my readers the details of the adventure, not a single one of which, you may be sure, was omitted by the boaster. Cowering in a tunnel he had watched for, surprised and knocked down the wearer of the helmet, a straggling sentinel, and had strangled him in order not to attract the attention of the enemy by the use of his revolver. What a sorry spectacle the poor strangled rabbit made by the side of this glorious trophy!

"As for me," said I, "I should not dare to enter into competition with so gallant a soldier as the captain; but I have my little surprise too, only it has not yet arrived, and if you will take my advice we will dine without waiting for it."

We sat down and our repast proved a very jolly one. We were taking coffee when a servant announced that an artillery man had just deposited my present in the salon. On going into the apartment we found the gift placed upon the table wrapped in glazed paper and ornamented with a blue ribbon.

"What can it be?" said Mme. Dutailly.

"Don't investigate, dear madame; it is a bombshell."

"A bombshell!"

"Dutailly has several times expressed to me this wish to have a bombshell—a real one, that had been used; so at my request my friend Roland, who commands a battery, has sent me this one from the plateau of Avron, where it forgot to explode when it fell."

While speaking I untied the blue ribbon, tore off the paper, and there, sure enough, was the shell—black, sinister, menacing.

"Parbleu!" said Dutailly, "You delight me, I will have it made into a clock for my office."

"But," objected Mme. Dutailly, a little nervously, "if it has not exploded—"

"Oh! rest easy! It was agreed that Roland should send it cleaned out and empty. Here is his letter."

I opened a note that had been fastened to the side of the shell and prepared to read it aloud, but my face betrayed so much surprise and alarm that every one exclaimed!

"What's the matter?"

"Mon Dieu! I—that is—listen," and I read:

"Dear friend—This is the shell you asked for—only it was impossible for me to find an artillery man who knew how to extract the load. Have it taken to the gunsmith's in the Passage de l'Opera, who does this kind of work very cleverly. But the greatest caution must be used—not the slightest shock or friction—for the thickness of a sheet of paper would not—"

I was interrupted by cries of alarm.

"Take it away! take it away," cried Mme. Dutailly. "It is a dreadful thing to have a bombshell in my salon."

"Be calm," said I, stretching out my hand "Be calm. There is no cause for alarm. The artillery man who brought it can take it away again."

"But, Monsieur," said the trembling servant coming into the room, "the man has gone."

Fresh consternation.

"Then," said I, "it is for me—"

"I forbid it," eagerly exclaimed Mme. Dutailly. "You are not strong enough to carry it. You would let it fall on the way—on the staircase, in the vestibule or somewhere else."

Mme. Dutailly clung to me.

"No! not you—it is too dangerous; not you!"

"This," added Mme. Dutailly, is the task of a strong man. Fortunately we have the captain here."

"But—" said the captain.

"Certainly, my good fellow you are as strong as a Turk and up to this sort of thing. You make no more of handling balls and shells than a boydoes of playing marbles or football."

"Pardon! pardon!" objected the captain, who was losing color. "It is only a shell, why not wait until to-morrow and have it taken—"

But Mme. Dutailly began to object again: "To-morrow? And not get a wink of sleep all night? I would rather go and lodge in a hotel."

Here Anatole mildly remarked: "Remain at home, madame. I will carry the shell to—"

Dutailly interrupted him.

"You are crazy, my dear fellow—a convalescent, and with a wounded arm! Do you want to blow us up?"

"Clearly," said I, "it is no task for a sick man."

"But for the captain," continued Dutailly. "I have confidence in no one but him. Come, captain, be quick. Take away this monster and relieve us from our nightmare,"

The captain was evidently passing a bad quarter of an hour. But he was not the man to be put out of countenance by a trifle.

"Indeed," said he smilingly, "the task seems to fall to me. I was going to say when you interrupted me just now, that the carrying of this weapon by a pedestrian is extra hazardous. The ground is slippery, and a false step might result in killing a dozen people on the street. Its transportation by carriage is the only method. General Schmitz, who set me down at your door, is dining at Brebant's and his carriage is waiting for him at the restaurant. I will ask him to lend it to me, he is a friend of mine. The thing is done. Give me time to buckle on my sword belt and go to there, a matter of ten or fifteen minutes at the most."

"Well, be quick," said Mme. Dutailly. "I shall not dare to breathe while you are gone."

"I run, dear madame," saying which the captain took his cloak and his kepi and vanished. From the celerity with which he descended the stairs it was evident that he was in haste.

I returned to the salon, where consternation reigned. Mme. Dutailly was undecided whether to fly from the house or to stay and watch the shell. Without seeming to do so, I looked into the moonlit street.

"It was so easy to have let me take it," murmured Anatole,

"Be quiet!" replied Dutailly, not a little surprised at the steadfast determination of this boy. "It is far better to have left it to the captain!"

"Provided," groaned Mme. Dutailly, "he don't make us wait too long."

"As to making you wait, dear madame, you can rely on his doing that," said I gaily. "He will not return."

"Certainly not. To go to Brebant's he would have had to cross the street and turn to the right, and he actually turned to the left and that very rapidly,"

"Gracious! What does it mean?"

"It means, my dear friends, that your captain is a swindler, and I congratulate myself with having dismounted his guns with this harmless engine of war. Look here!"

And taking a photographic album I dealt a heavy blow on the top of the shell, which broke into fragments—fragments of chocolate, for it was chocolate—strewing the floor with grape shot of comfits, burnt almonds and pistachios.

A burst of laughter greeted this explosion, and, shall I call it such, this denouement, for three months later Anatole married Gertrude.

But the captain did not attend the wedding.

Production of Artificial Ice.—Experiments in the manufacture of ice by certain well-understood chemical agencies have resulted in the manufacture of machines for producing cold which have been successfully used in various parts of the world where ice is not formed naturally in sufficient quantities to supply the demand of brewers, hotels and other establishments requiring large amounts. Objections were found to these processes, such as high pressure, combustibility, corrosion of valves, saponification. A method of liquefying ammonia through its absorption in glycerine has been found, which overcomes the objection of high pressure produced in existing machines, which has amounted to 125 pounds at rest and 225 to 300 pounds at work. Glycerine absorbs several hundred times its own volume, producing a binary liquid consisting of a volatile agent absorbed in a non-volatile one. By a vacuum produced mechanically, the ammonia is separated from the glycerine, producing an intense cold, and then the two are brought together again. In fifteen minutes the temperature of the refrigerator was reduced from sixty-eight degrees, Fahrenheit, and ice was formed in twenty minutes.

A New Sewage System.—The precipitation method of treating sewage is to be adopted in London on a large scale. The sewage is left in tanks, and the separation of the solid portion is hastened by the addition of lime and protosulphate of iron. The liquid becomes as clear as fresh water, and may be drained into the Thames; while the solid matter is to be pressed into blocks for transportation to the sea. The process has been tried experimentally for some months, but it is now to be applied to 1,000,000 gallons of sewage daily.

RINGS AND BANGLES.

The Extraordinary Decorations Which Dandies are Beginning to Display.

Two men boarded a Broadway car one night at Twenty-first street. Their faces have been familiar in the windows of the Union club for many years. One of them is tall, rather corpulent, and red-faced, and the other is very similar, except that he isn't tall. They sat down stiffly, and looked with owl-like severity at the signs on the roof of the car until they arrived at Delmonico's where they alighted. The taller of the two wore three rings on the third finger of his left hand, one on the little finger and two additional rings on his right hand. As he displayed them all by resting his hands on his knees, the other passengers had a good opportunity for examining them. Of the three rings on his left hand, the upper one was of plain silver, but square-edged. The second one was gold. A valuable diamond was set in it, flanked by a huge ruby on either side. The third ring was a wide band of gold with a sapphire imbedded in it. There was a seal ring on the little finger of that hand. Of the two rings on his right hand, one was a heavily chased serpent with a diamond in the head, and the other was a very thin and delicate plain gold ring. The fat hands of the other man were quite as profusely decorated, and he wore a plain silver bangle on his left wrist. The bangle was riveted on. The spectacle of these two gorgeously bedecked and bejeweled club men drew attention to the fact that the wearing of many finger rings has suddenly become very popular in New York. A jeweler who was subsequently spoken to about the matter said:

"Ten men buy rings now where one bought them a year ago, and they are nearly all of the glove-ring pattern—that is, the stone is not set up from the ring, as is the case with solitaire diamond rings which ladies wear, but it is set in gold on a level with the surface of the ring, so he can draw his gloves on without removing his ring. The fashion came as all such fashions do, from across the water. The French dandies are in the habit of wearing all sorts of rings, the majority of them being souvenirs from some of their romantic escapades. The fashion spread to England, where it flourished two or three years ago. It is no longer considered proper on the other side for men to wear a number of rings unless they are utterly valueless. I have seen men who were undoubtedly entitled to a leading position on the other side who wore five or six rings, the total value of which would not have exceeded $15. One would, perhaps, be a small shell ring bought for a shilling at some seaside resort, kept to commemorate a moonlight stroll, or perhaps something like that; another would be a plain and narrow band of gold twisted from a bangle in a ball-room; a third, a little circlet from a child, niece, or sister, and so on throughout. That sort of thing never looked vulgar on the other side, but over here it is likely to arrive at great proportions, and the richer the man the more rings he wears."

"What about the masculine bangle?"

"I believe the duke of Beaufort started the fashion years ago, and it has been continued by a number of American actors, dudes and fools. It is of all affectations the most effeminate. I am glad to say we have only had three men who desire that sort of ornamentation. The bangle is nearly always of silver and without an embellishment. Two men who recently departed to different and remote quarters of the world came in not long ago and had bracelets riveted on their left wrists. They don't expect to meet again for years, so they indulged in this little bit of romance. This was the solidest reason I ever heard of for the masculine bangle, and that wasn't very solid, either, when you come to look it squarely in the eye."

Savage Map Makers.

In the collections recently taken to Denmark from the east cost of Greenland by Captain Holm, are several objects that have excited the astonishment of European geographers. They are maps made by the natives. The maps are engraved with their rude cutting implements on boards that drifted ashore. They were found among the natives who live along the shores of a deep fiord near the most northern point attained by Holm. Only ten or twelve of these 400 people have ever visited the Danish settlements in South Greenland, owing to a stretch of glaciers and ice fields which have so nearly isolated them from the world that their existence was not known until recently. They had never seen a white man until Holm and Dr. Knutzen came among them.

Some of these curious maps, Captain Holm says, represent quite accurately the contour of the coast, with all its many big and little indentations, along which they live. Other maps give the outlines of islands lying near the coast, and the explorers say the maps reproduce the shape of the islands with a good degree of fidelity.

The existence of these maps among savage and almost unknown people has aroused much interest, and some geographers have expressed the opinion that they were not the work of the East Greenland natives. Mr. Hausen-Blangsted, for instance, suggests the theory that some survivor from the ship Lilloise, which years ago started for East Greenland and never returned, may have lived and died on the coast at Angmagsalik fiord, and that he may have made these maps. This suggestion is very far fetched, We have long known that the Esquimaux have more talent for cartography than is often found among untutored savages. Dr. Hall, for instance, in his explorations north of Hudson Bay, found one or two of the rough native charts of a part of that region, somewhat serviceable, and at least one of them had been reproduced in the report of his work published by the United States government.

THEY now fill teeth with electricity. A woman with a tooth full of electricity and an eye full of fire will be a balmy object for a man to meet on the top landing when he comes home from balancing the books at 2 a. m.

FASHION NOTES.

—Pink will be a favorite color in bonnets and hat trimmings for young girls.

—Sacques are of fine zephyr, hand-crocheted, of eider-down and cashmere, silk embroidered.

—Sashes of every description will be worn. In fact, so necessary is a sash as a fashionable finish that the pattern dresses have the sash included.

—Pale pink ribbon and tiny ostrich tips and aigrettes, or blush roses, are a favorite adorning for the June white straw, which have of late been only trimmed in white or cream.

—For school, the sailor and the peaked crown, with broad rolling brim of dark-colored straw, are preferred; these trimmed with ribbon dotted with straw buttons and bound with velvet.

—Quaint-shaped chapeaux (would be bonnets if ties were added) are formed of shirred or fluted crape, or fancy straw, trimmed with pink tulle, pink satin beadings, and delicate pink flowers.

—The Recamier style of dressing the hair, arranging it in curls which are curls and not fluff, seems to find favor with London hair-dressers, but they do not pretend to recommend it for home production.

—Colored linen collars and cuffs, with tiny white bands stitched upon their edges as finish, are worn by young girls, especially at school. These are seen in red, dark and light blue, pink and gray, the latter usually finished with red or blue.

—There are some most captivating little cigrettes for the hair—some composed of a fluffy feather, with feathery spike rising from it, the stems of both being hidden under a deft little bow of colored ribbon. Some are pink, some blue, some mauve.

—Another pretty hat is a conical crown of open straw with the brim covered with straw moss. Ribbon trims the crown in a band, and big plaited loops in front with a bunch of small flowers, which reach quite to the top of the crown.

—Morning robes are made of fleece-lined pique and creamy cashmeres, while eider-down flannel forms one for cool days. The favorite way of making this dress is a yoke with the skirt gathered to it, and finished with a flat collar, and plain sleeves loose enough to slip over the hand and gown.

—Some of the white wool stuffs come with bordering of drawn work, clustered cords and loops of cord simulating fringes on one selvage. This is intended for the bottom of the skirt, the narrower band of woven effects trimming the bodice sleeves, waistcoat and tunic or scarfs drapery.

—The every-day clothing of babies should be daintily made and of the softest material, but quite plain and loose. Embroidered and belted waists, puffed sleeves and elaborate skirts are not comfortable to baby, nor yet in good taste. One can almost always judge of the amount of refinement in the mother by one look at her children.

—Little girls, just walking, wear little coats or blouses of beige, cream, pearl or blue cashmere, embroidered closely in tiny buds in silk, the color of the cashmere. The coat is box-plaited back and front, finished with a collar and cuffs; satin ribbon, the same color, finishes at waist line in long loops and ends in front, sash loops in the back.

—In Paris just now the ladies indulge in sporting brooches with such subjects as a tiny gold horse and cavalier jumping a five-barred gate, a cor de chasse and hunting knife supporting an enameled fox or hound's head, a jockey with a whip up, going at mad speed, the cap and jockey powdered with diamonds.

—A dash of pale blue or pale rose gives a charming effect to rooms finished in gold and amber tones, furnished in white and gold, and curtained with pale yellow and rose Madras lace. Pictures and their frames, the pieces of china and bric-a-brac, even the Japanese lanterns and screens, should be in harmony or corresponding with the yellow, brown, white and gold tints.

—There is a perfect rage for wearing flowers in the hair. Flower aigrettes are the fashion for the moment, and all other forms of ornament are at a proportionate discount. A tuft of osprey is introduced among the natural blooms, and owners of single diamonds have an opportunity of displaying them as dewdrops sparkling on freshly-gathered roses and lilies. On the corsage, too, large sprays of flowers are arranged, and long, rich trails ornament the skirt.

—A novelty in a cap or bonnet for a child of 3 to 5 years is a large Greenaway crown of Swiss, all-over embroidery. The front is a wide band of orange yellow velvet. Very narrow Tom Thumb yellow ribbon forms a rosette on the front, the ruche of lace about the face having loops of white ribbon in its flutings. Girls of 7 to 10 wear straw hats, with the brim covered with a puff of dotted bobinet lace; the same around the crown in soft folds, with big fluffy rosettes of very narrow ribbon in any becoming color, on the front of the crown.

—A pretty and sensible way of treating a dress skirt that has become worn around the bottom is to cut off a quarter of an inch, bind with narrow braid and then border with a wide Hercules, Titan or giant braid, allowing the lower edge to fall even with the narrow binding. If the skirt is pleated or finished with a box-pleated or kilt-pleated flounce the braid must be dampened after sewing on and pressed into the folds of each pleat with a heavy iron or tailor's goose.

—White dresses are made of the deep flounce embroidery, a yoke, belt and cuffs of all-over embroidery. The waist of nainsook in full shirring. Blue serge is much liked for little girls. A novelty is a box-plaited skirt, the front a wide kilt, with small lasting buttons down each side; the jacket has long pointed fronts, a short back ending in a box-plait. The vest is of chamois, bound with blue braid, closed with blue buttons.

HORSE NOTES.

Kelly is at Point Breeze with the stallion Jerome Turner.

Billy Van Osten will probably start the horses at Point Breeze.

California turfmen are buying up all the best brood-mares offered for sale.

William Nicholson has sold the pacer Edith Watton, 2.32¼, to H. Coward for $400.

There are at present about 125 horses in training at the old Chicago Driving Course.

Neta Medium, Maxy Cobb's trotting mate, has been shipped back to New York from Belmont.

Most of the horses that were quartered at the half-mile track have been moved to Point Breeze.

The well-known horseman, Steve Maxwell, of Louisville, Ky., is here looking after some of his trotters.

Mr. Gordon can hardly refuse Mr. Strauss' challenge, so Majolica and Clingstone will probably be matched.

W. S. Appleby, the California jockey, has signed a contract with Emery & Cotton ror the season of 1886, at $2000.

C. A. Bradenburgh hos purchased the s. s. Woodford Time, by Mambrino Time, from John Madden. Price said to be $2500.

Turner has sent Trinket (2.14) over to her owner, J. W. Shaw, of New York, who will jog her on the road for two or three months.

Mr. McFerran has purchased from the Fashion Stud Farm for Glenview the bay colt Nominee, 1 year old, by Stranger, out of Sapphire, by Jay Gould.

A half interest in the trotters Harry Wilkes and Albert France has been sold by Frank Van Ness to James H. Temple, of New York. Price said to be $18,000

Cape May is to have a race course at an estimated cost of $30,000. F. F. Hogate, the President of the new association, says the track will be ready by the middle of July.

The brown stallion McMahon, by Administrator, dam Mattie West, died on May 8 at Lincoln, Neb., of lung fever. A. S, Halliday, his owner, recently refused $15,000 for him.

Budd Doble is located at the Washington Course, Chicago. He has quite a stable, among them being Adelaide, 2.18; Charlie Hogan, 2.22; Editor, 2.23¾; May Bird, 2.21½; Troubadour, 2.19¼, and several green horses.

The old stallion Rebel died on April 16, the property of Captain William Cottrill, of Mobile, Ala. He was a brown horse, bred in 1861, by Socks, dam Betty Wharton, by Othello (son of Leviathan).

The Chester County Agricultural Society will probably purchase a fifty-four acre lot on the line of the W. C. and P. R. R., the property of Ed. Walter, to be utilized as a race-course and Fair grounds.

Frank Van Ness reports that his horses have all been sick with typhoid influenza. Harry Wilkes is the only well one of the lot, he having had but a light attack. The Van Ness string is now quartered at Point Breeze.

There are 149 entries to the ten regular races at Belmont Course, and there will, in addition, be a special race for pacers, purse of $1000, in which Gossip, Jr., (2.14), Marlowe (2.15) and Westmont (2.13¾) will take part. A second special race, the nature of which will be hereafter announced, will also be decided during the Belmont meeting. Messrs. Bair & Phipps propose making up such a programme as will fittingly wind up the Philadelphia circuit.

The twelfth Kentucky Derby was run on the 14th inst. at Louisville, with the following starters: Free Knight (Fitzpatrick), Masterpiece (West), Blue Wing (Garrison), Lijere (Murphy), Ben Ali (Duffy), Jim Gray (Withers), Sir Joseph (Conkling), Grimaldi (I. Lewis), Lafitte (Stoval), and Harrodsburg (J. Riley), 118 pounds each. Ban Fox and Silver Cloud were scratched. The betting ranged thus: Ben Ali, $500; Free Knight, $375; Blue Wing, $275; Jim Gray, $125; Masterpiece $75; field, $150.

The Maryland Jockey Club will add to its programme a steeplechase for a purse of $500, of which $100 to the second horse for horses used in the hunting field, and to be ridden by members of the Jockey Club, the Elkridge Hunt, the Meadow Brook Hunt, Essex County Hunt, Rose Tree Hunt, or any similar association; welter weights, about a mile and a half.

The annual sale of the Elmendorf yearlings, property of D. Swigert, took place at the Elmendorf Stud, six miles from Lexington, Ky. J. B. Haggin was the principal purchaser. He paid $4000 for the brown colt by Virgil, out of Regan, which was the highest priced colt sold. Twenty-three colts and fillies, the get of Virgil, brought $21,955: twenty-one Glenelgs brought $19,350; nine by Imp. Prince Charlie, $11,390; and four by Lever, $1750.

The many friends of Mr. Michael Reilly, the trainer and driver, will regret to hear of his death, which took place at New Hartford, N. Y., on Tuesday, April 20, from consumpiton. Mr. Reilly was genial, witty and companionable, and extremely popular among his large circle of friends. He had resided at Lexington, Ky., for the last thirteen years, having trained and driven for William Simmons. He was buried at New Hartford.

The Country Club, of Boston, has recently purchased the Faulkner estate, situated near Clyde Park, comprising fifty acres of land, paying $20,500, and it is no secret that the club proposes building a magnificent race-course there. It has found its old quarters at Clyde Park rather too cramped, as it is only a half-mile track, and its lease expires in September, 1887. It is the intention of the club to build a first-class race-course, of one mile in extent, and at an estimated outlay of $70,000 it considers it could render the course suitable for all immediate purposes, including a new club-house and racing stables.

A FAKIR'S CONFESSION.

PROFITABLE TRADING ON THE WEAKNESS OF HUMAN NATURE.

Some of the Wicked Wiles of Men Who Travel with Shows—What Is Paid for the Privileges of Cheating the "Guys"—Sly Games.

"I tell you now, it ain't no use to talk; dey can't run a show widout fakin' any more den you kin talk widout wind. You hear me!"

The speaker formed one of a group who sat at a round table in a "beer joint" much frequented by "showmen." They had been relating their experiences of last season "on the road" with "Spangle & Sawdust's Monster Shows and Triple Conglomerate Aggregation," with which most of them had been more or less associated. One had related how he had "downed an old guy wot was a merchant in der town" by stoering him into a "bunco game." Another had delighted his hearers by recounting how he had "laid out the jays" with a "jewelry case." A third gloried in the way he played "the push-back game" on "one o' dem fly blokes wot thinks he knows it all."

They were all slangy! They called everybody of whom they spoke "Guys." Some—the more important persons—were designated as "Main Guys." Countrymen were "Jays," "Hayseeds," "Blokes," and "Suckers." Money was called "Blunt," "Tin," or "Cases." "Beer" or other drinks was spoken of as "Lush," clothes as "Togs" or "Harness," food as "Grub," conversation as "Weedings," the verb to see was rendered "Stag," eyes were called "Ogles," a hat a "Dicer" or a "Cady," while ladies were spoken of as "Dames," girls as "Molls," arguments as "Guff," clowns as "Joeys," and bank bills as "Ylimsies."

They sat for some time, each vieing with the rest in telling of the smartest trick, a most cunning device used in depleting the wallets of the countrymen they had victimized, until at last they began to drop away one by one to keep appointments with other "pals" or to get their "grub," until but one was left. He had been the most voluble talker of the lot, and the reporter, who had listened to all that was said with interest, resolved to interview him.

A few glasses of beer and a cigar or two, with a sandwich, sufficed to break the ice and establish confidence, when the pumping process was begun.

"How long have you been in the show business?" the reporter asked after a short preliminary conversation leading up to the inquiry.

"Well, abbut eight years this season. I began by helping around der menagerie, fetching water and doin' odd jobs about der lot. Den I got in wid der candy butchers, I was hired to peddle lemonade on de seats by der man wot had der privileges."

"What are the privileges?"

"Well, der privileges is wot dey pays der money for to run on der lot wid the big show, such as de side shows, der concert, der candy stands, der sellin' o' tickets outside on der lot or in der town at a slight advance on the price at the ticket wagon, jewelry cases, weighing machines, and der fakin' generally."

"You say the pay for these privileges?"

"Pay? Well you kin just bet your life dey pay! How much? Why, sometimes $10,000, some times $15,000. Why, I know one show wot gits $50,000 a year for der privileges."

"Which show gets that and who pays it?" the reporter eagerly asked.

"Oh, I ain't goin' to give any names away. But what I say goes. You hear me! Why, dere's lots o' shows started that way. A guy gets hold of a lot o' old show stock, a tent, some jacks and stringers and seats, and den he goes to a privilege man and gets him to put in enough money to start der show for the right of der privileges. Maybe its only a few hundred dollars, if it's a small cross-roads show, and maybe its $15,000 or $30,000 if it's a 'big aggregation.'"

"Here's an old fake," said the showman, in the course of the conversation. "Everybody plays it. The outside ticket-seller, the candy butcher, der boys wot sells lemonade on the seats, and concert tickets and peanuts, besides the men who is always asking the jays to give small bills for large ones—they all does it. You see, when a jay goes to der show he always takes his best gal with him if he isn't married, and his whole family if he is. He goes to the ticket-seller to buy his ticket and gives him a $5, a $10 or a $20 to pay for 'em. Why, I've known the suckers to hand in a $100 bill! Well, whatever it is, the ticket-faker gives him his ticket first—then he gives him his change—but he turns over one or two bills in such a way that when he counts the change before the jay's very eyes he makes the bills he has turned back count double. Maybe he turns back a $5 or a $10, or only a $1 or a $2, but, whichever it is, he turns back. The jay's change is short just that much, and as he gits pushed away by the crowd, or the cappers, he shoves it into his pocket and hurries into the show to git a good place. When he gits into the show he hauls out his money and counts it. Den he sees his change is short. Another fakir wot has had his eye on him goes to him and asks him wots the matter. He tells his little tale; the fakir is surprised. Maybe the jay is mistaken. So he counts it over for him, turns another bill on him, but he does the trick by palming—so smart that the jay thinks it is all right, after all, and puts his wad back into his pocket. The peanut and candy peddlers play the same racket whenever they get a bill over $2 to change, and so does the concert ticket-seller, and him wot sells the reserved seats. It's a very nice game to play and never seems to be played out."

"Are there any more schemes for pluking the jays?"

"Lots! There is the jewelry case and envelope game. You know all about them, and then there's the through ticket dodge."

"What is that?"

The showman laughed a low, confidential, chuckling laugh, before he replied. "That's the biggest thing o' the whole lot for fun. The boys enjoys that, you bet! It's this way: A guy buys a ticket at the wagon and makes his way to the entrance. After he gets there a fellers meets him and says: 'Hev you got your ticket?' 'Yas,' says the guy, and shows it. 'Pshaw!' says the fakir, 'thats only a ticket of admission. You want to get a through ticket.' 'What's that?' 'Why, one to take you everywhere — menagerie, reserved seats, dressing-room—any place about the tent.' It's a quarter extra, or a half, or a dollar, just as he ciphers the jay up. If the jay bites he hands me the money, and if there is any change, gits the turn back played on him sure. Then the fakir takes a slip of cardboard and sticks it in the jay's hat—just like a conductor on a train—and slaps the jay on the shoulder, telling him, 'Now you're all right,' and gets away, to wait for the next sucker. Well, the ticket in the jay's hat is a steer for any one else in the job. It marks him down fine, and every feller drops onto him for a sucker, and if he gets home with the clothes on his back or the rocks on his feet he's lucky. He's everybody's sucker after that, sure."—New York World Interview

TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS FOR TAXES FOR 1884 AND 1885

Agreeable to the provisions of law relating to the sale of Unseated Tracts of Land for the non-payment of Taxes, notice is hereby given, that there will be exposed at public sale or outcry, the following tracts of unseated lands in the County of Centre for taxes due and unpaid thereon, at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, on

MONDAY, JUNE 14, A. D., 1886, at one o'clock p. m.

CHARLES SMITH, Treasurer.

BENNER TWP.

Ac'rs.	Per	Warrantee.	Taxes
120		J M Hale	6 72
50		Andrew Coon	$ 4 19
58		Robert Homes	3 20
50		John Moore	4 19
50		J D Harris	4 19
100		J D Shugert	5 60
30		Unknown	2 51
		BOGGS TWP.	
305	112	John Cochran	34 50
397	145	D Carscadden	45 54
143		Ann Deal, part	16 10
418	40	Wm Hood	49 43
		BURNSIDE TWP.	
115		Jas Black	14 94
433	163	Robert Brady	15 57
433	163	Wm P Brady	15 58
433	163	John Brady	15 57
433	163	Alex Bell	15 58
415		John Boyd	14 94
438	163	Wm Bell	15 57
433	163	Wm Cook	15 58
433	163	John Cowden	7 82
433	163	Wm Dewart	7 82
433	163	John Dewart	7 82
433	163	Henry Donnelly	7 82
433	163	Robt Gray	7 82
433	163	Wm Gray	7 82
433	163	Alex Greeves	15 57
433	163	Thos Grant	7 82
433	163	Chas Goben	7 82
433	153	Chas Hall	15 72
140		Henry Harris	15 12
433	164	John Housel	7 82
433	165	John Kidd	15 57
415		Nathaniel Levy	14 94
433	163	John Lyon	7 82
200		Wm Miller	7 20
433	163	Joseph Morris	15 57
216	83	Jere Parker ¼ of	7 75
433	163	Henry Shaffer	7 82
433	163	Samuel Scott	15 57
433	163	Jas Towers	14 94
415		Jos Thomas	14 94
415		Jos S Wallace	14 94
433	163	Jos Wallace	15 57
415		John Wetzel	7 48
123		Henry Wheeler	4 41
433	163	Bird Wilson	15 47
204		Martin Withington	7 37
		CURTIN TWP.	
809	19	N L Atwood	46 50
800		N L Atwood	62 00
450		Jesse Brooks	12 00
415		Jesse Brooks	7 00
219		D Carscadden	21 60
300	120	do	24 00
487		Lindley Coats	60 00
411		Peter Dehass, ¾ of	55 97
915		Esther Eddy	74 69
411		Cadwalader Even	55 97
415		Wm Elliot	120 00
15		Wm Gilbert	120 00
433	120	Chas Hall	72 00
60		Ed Hallowell	12 00
200		Jas Irwin	60 00
403		Rebecca Kelso	72 00
386¾		Jos Kelso	66 00
400		J B Long	96 00
207¼		Cable Lowns	60 00
207½		Isaac Longstreth	60 00
207½		Cable Lowns	49 00
207½		Isaac Longstreth	60 00
70		John S Mason	16 80
200		Philip Meyer	60 00
100		Simon Meyer	30 00
320	48	Michael Meyer	120 00
420		Valentine Meyer	120 00
196		James Miller	42 00
200		John Palmer	6 20
200		Joseph Taylor	27 20
415		Jacob Wain	72 07
415		Casper Wister	126 00
160		Jon Willis	18 00
433	163	Jas White	166 00
		FERGUSON TWP.	
100		Oliver James	8 20
150		A Barton Sloat, ow'r	12 50
		GREGG TWP.	
60		And Carson	1 41
150		John Cowden	3 53
178	127	And Carson	1 00
130		David Duncan	12 22
250		Wm Hepburn	5 85
350		Barnard Hubby	8 94
53	63	Wm Hahn	4 70
52		Jno M'Clintock, ow'r	1 22
		HAINES TWP.	
379		Henry Antis	7 58
242	60	Thomas Barr	5 02
250	60	Jas Barr	5 20
259	60	Mary Barr	5 36
87		John Barron	1 78
154		Henry Beck	3 16
344	16	John Bolinder	7 06
338	60	Henry Bolinder	6 92
325	60	Fred'k Bolinder	6 68
313	60	Adam Bolinder	6 40
135		H B Crowley	2 76
382	163	Peter Epler	7 81
438		And Epler	9 28
181		Jacob Fees	3 70
262	40	Gilliliau, H & S Snyder	5 38
253		Same	5 20
435		Chas Hall	8 92
437	108	John Hartman	8 98
207	60	Mary Hanks	2 60
418	99	Geo Kreamer	8 50
200		Wm Parker	4 10
100	60	Albright Swineford	6 16
170	170	Stover & Wolf	3 46
327	123	Catharine Snyder	5 08
200		do do	4 10
88		Wm Tidd	94
405		Simon Grates	8 35
110		J G Meyer	2 24
100		George Fowler	2 06
106		Mathias Workman	2 16
286		James Black	6 04
144		Peter Black	2 94
135		H B Crowley	2 78
438		Adam Epler	8 38
395	80	Wm Tidd	8 08
168		Philip Ghost	7 54
209		Wendell Grove	4 28
35		Calvin M Hayes	25
400		Jos Henry	8 20
173		Robt McElroth	3 53
327		Samuel Metzgar	6 78
162		John Matz	3 36
120		Daniel Rhodes	2 49
442		David Scribner	9 17
388		George Seidel	8 05
203		Peter Seidel	6 27
388		Philip Seidel	8 05
427		E H Scribner	8 76
243		Geo Snyder	5 02
45		Joseph Thompson	38
416		Henry Spiker and C Weiser	9 25
196		Award	3 85
200		Catherine Snyder	4 15
18		Castonas Thomas	37
		HALF MOON TWP.	
400	120	Richard Joliff	56 00
216		Josiah Lumburn	30 29
54		Isaac Sherer	99
24		Jno T Fowler, ow'r	1 44
63	89	do do	3 81
67	76	do	4 00
		HARRIS TWP.	
196		J C Fisher	3 81
133		Geo Fox	2 72
400		Jas Forbes	3 90
400		Wm Harrison	3 90
50		John Irwin	26
400		Robt Patterson	3 90
400		James Reed	3 90
407	92	Kearney Wharton	4 37
		HOWARD TWP.	
107	104	Samuel Brown	4 70
217		Sarah Bohman	1 17
154		Joseph Green	13 53
25		Jos Graysburn	1 10
215		Martha Godfrey	4 73
415		do do	9 13
55		Jas D Harris	2 99
170		J J Lingle	1 44
160		Jon Willis	7 52
50		White & Nestlerode	3 30
		HUSTON TWP.	
433	163	Jas Baxter	9 20
200	11	Wm Chancellor	4 29
120		Adam Kuhn	10 29
433	163	John Price	9 13
433	163	John Rollington	9 19
102		J C Wesson, owner	4 29
		LIBERTY TWP.	
50		D Carscadden	4 37
80		Wm Correll	1 37
165		Robt and Jas Hays	18 01
160		Geo D Hess	7 16
309		Robt Irwin	22 38
250		John Jackson	4 25
310		Jere Jackson	11 78
200		Daniel Krouse	3 40
30		Thos King	34
150		Peter Lytle	3 80
150		do do	3 80
400		Mathew Leech	1 70
400		do do	1 70
½ of 200		Christ Nestlerode	1 70
30		Thos King	34
400		Job W Parker	7 60
175		Jas A Quigley	6 70
349		Christian Smith	13 70
80		Robert Smith	68
100		John Potter	4 09
168		Shaw & Lingle	3 16
		MARION TWP.	
42	66	John Corman	1 42
31		Adam Decker	7 58
17		Thos Lewis	2 89
20		Thos Lucas	16
50		Wm Tilghman, ow'r	10 20
19		Isaac Frain, owner	4 15
28		Jno Zeigler, do	7 14
60		Simon Yarger	3 06
60		Simon Yarger	3 06
½ of 199		Paul Zantzinger	4 92
		MILES TWP.	
125		Moore Wharton	2 23
430		Robert Bredy	7 64
410		Hannah Bady	7 30
255		Jane Brady	4 53
200		John Brady	3 55
440		Wm P Brady	7 81
290		Wm P Brady	5 15
20		Henry Antis	36
424		Geo Calhorn	7 52
403		Jas Carothers	7 18
433	163	Wm P Brady	2 67
150		Wm Cooper	2 22
125		John Dorsey	5 68
320		Jas Fearon	7 60
429		Robt Gray	8 44
476		Thos Grant	1 30
180	123	Simon Gratz	7 96
460		Alex Hunter	4 44
250		Jere Jackson	5 32
300		Aaron Levy	7 56
425		Samuel Norton	5 32
300		Wm. Parker	15
224		Richard Parker	5 76
324		Jere Parker	5 76
125		Wm Steadman	3 55
200		Thos Smith	3 55
100		Abraham Scott	1 77
150		Samuel Scott	89
200		Abraham Scott	2 67
300		Samuel Scott	1 60
130		Robt Taggart	2 31
425		Robt Toand	7 55
100		C Long, owner	1 77
125		Wharton Moore	2 23
300		Wm David	7 55
150		John Wolf	1 60
480		Wm Herman	8 88
401	46	Jas Cummings	7 40
371		Wm Boyde	6 66
357		Wm Grant	6 66
309		Thos Boyde	5 55
413		Jos Tripp	7 66
200		Thos Smith	3 70
305		Wm Housel	7 47
425		Samuel Tripp	7 87
419		Hugh Boyde	7 77
404		Peter Tripp	7 46
419		Thos Miles	7 53
200		Jacob Princeton	3 70
415		Stophel Seidell	7 66
400		John Seigfreid	7 40
400		John Seigfreid	7 40
400		Daniel Seigfreid	7 40
285		Jacob Seigfreid	5 27
150		John Hays	2 78
280		Martin Wister	5 18
170		Wm Cook	3 14
240		Robt Taggart	4 44
25		James Steadman	46
17		Robert Latimore	31
305		Daniel Williams	6 76
200		Thos Carothers	3 70
200		John Brady	3 77
250		John Brady	4 63
250		John Housel	4 63
7-16 of 424		Wm Miles	3 11
250		Wm Cooper	4 63
		PENN TWP.	
150		Jas Armstrong	5 25
333		Wm Cook	9 89
150	10	John Cowden	5 25
112	10	John Cowden	3 55
100		Wm Cook	1 50
28		Wm Cook	28
150		Thos Hamilton	5 25
150		James Hepburn	5 25
31		Jas Hepburn	5 25
150		John Kennedy	5 25
104		Jas Kennedy	3 17
108	89	And Kennedy	3 24
113	131	John Kennedy	3 21
200		Jas Kennedy	7 00
200		Robt Lyon	7 00
200		Ezekial Lyon	7 00
200		Benj Lyon	7 00
200		Robert Lyon	7 00
200		Ezekial Loyon	7 00
200		Benj Lyon	7 00
200		John McCally	7 00
200		Wm McCally	7 00
150		Daniel Montgomery	5 50
100		Wm Montgomery	3 50
200		John McCally	7 00
400		John Swinefird	10 50
		POTTER TWP.	
160		Adam Bartges	4 40
288		Mary Bound	6 20
300		John Brown	13 20
81	111	Alex Cameron	2 20
400		David Cougal	2 10
100		Wm Dewart	2 20
200		Jasper Ewing	4 40
434		H B Fullmer	88
400		Jas Forks	4 20
400		Edward Garigus	8 80
400		Wm Garigus	8 80
100		Christ Getty	2 20
200		Chas Gobin	4 40
150		Thos Martin	3 30
105		Geo McClellan	2 31
580		Wm Collier, owner	12 75
34	83	Jac Roop	2 83
200		Wm Sawyer	2 20
100		H Vanderslice	1 10
109		Samuel Young	52
		SPRING TWP.	
419		John Johnson	4 83
186	115	John Purdue	6 02
360		Catherine Robison	8 10
300		Rebecca Robison	8 10
150		Richard Robison	4 05
100		J Gorden Est., ow'r	2 70
		SNOW SHOE TWP.	
433	153	Wm Bingham	88 74
433	153	Felix Burnot	88 74
433		Wm Banks	12 35
325		Wm Banks	12 35
60		Geo Clymer	94
433	153	Geo Campbell	88 74
433	153	Paul Cox	88 74
433	153	Thos Cuthburt	88 74
412		D Carskadden	15 43
412		D Carskadden	15 43
433	153	Sharp Delaney	88 74
300		Jos Devling	24 60
300		Jos Devling	61 50
218		Samuel Dobson	35 76
500		Jos Devling	5 70
433		Geo Eddy	83 25
200		Thos Fluzimmons	16 40
427		Robt Gray	7 98
433	153	Thos Hawthorn	88 74
433	153	Jas Hawthorn	88 74
383		Jas T Hale	71 02
4		Jas T Hale	6 15
500		Samuel Linn	71 02
433	153	Wm Lewis	88 74
433	153	Wm Lewis	88 74
300		J Z Long	5 70
200		J Z Long	2 80
353		John Liggett	13 41
70		John S Mason	16 80
433		Jas McMannus	71 02
433	152	M T Milliken	53 25
409	73	N J Mitchell	50 25
433		Benj R Morgan	71 02
400		Alex Martha	7 60
433	153	Jasper Maylan	71 02
433	153	Ed Mayston	71 02
433	150	Blair McClanahan	71 02
433	153	Geo Meade	62 09
433	153	Wm McPherson	62 09
433	129	Luke Misner	71 09
433	153	Robt Morris	80 04
400		Alex Martin	15 20
¾ of 433	113	J P Norris	47 32
¼ of ¾ of 433	153	J P Norris	8 84
433	153	Wm Parker	71 02
216		Jere Parker	35 58
216		do	35 58
433		Geo Parker	16 45
216		Robt Rainey	8 21
300		Job Relly	49 20
433	153	Thos L Shippen	71 02
433	153	Ed Scott	71 02
433	153	Margaret Spear	16 45
162		Jos Tompkins	9 93
433	153	Benj H Tallman	71 02
433	152	A S Valentine	71 02
433	155	Rebecca Waln	71 02
433	163	Moore Wharton	71 02
433	153	Elizabeth Wharton	71 02
5-9 of 433	153	Mary M Wharton	39 50
433	153	Mary M Wharton	7 38
433	153	Francis West	71 02
433	154	Benj West	71 02
160		Francis West	12 24
415		Richard Waln	4 11
433	153	Kearney Wharton	16 45
400		David Williams	12 35
400		do	12 35
		RUSH TWP.	
433	153	John Allison	183 91
428		Jas Allison	139 04
250		Allison, Andrew and John Lilly	159 00
327	10	And Armstrong	11 52
164	10	Jas Allison	16 54
390	116	Ann Arthur	30 42
394	117	Thos Arthur	30 73
433	153	Isaac Britches	45 03
433	163	David Beverage	11 52
433	153	Daniel Brickley	47 70
433	153	Peter Frutzman	137 80
200		John Burg	15 90
433	153	John Boreland	19 08
40		Samuel Chestnut	6 39
100		Geo Clymer	53 00
100		Geo Campbell	53 00
300		Thos Cuthburt	159 00
80		J H Corkendon, ow'r	12 72
393		Samuel Chestnut	10 21
433	163	Sharp Delaney	11 52
122		Wm Dentler	93 53
122		Philip Eberman	6 47
433	153	Thos Edwards	116 80
300		Thos Erskine	7 80
433	153	John Funk	22 93
250		Thos Fitzsimmons	13 25
193		Ed French, owner	20 12
434		Thos Grant, owner	33 85
216	156	do	16 78
216	156	do	68 90
438	163	Jas Glentworth	11 52
100		Elizabeth Groe	7 95
100		Robt Gray	53 00
433	152	Groe & McKeon	3 18
433	153	Christian Hair	34 45
426	164	Christian Hair	33 92
433	153	David Hair	34 45
216	156	Thos Hamilton	68 90
433	153	John Hand	34 45
433	163	Hugh Hamilton	22 93
433	163	John Hopkins	47 70
433	153	John Huber	34 45
423	153	Reuben Haines, Jr	22 51
216	80	Hugh Hamilton	16 85
433	153	Robert Irwin	137 80
433	153	do do	46 11
433	153	Owen Jordan	34 45
100		Robt King	42 40
164	10	Jas Kerr	80 92
433	163	Bennet Lucas	11 25
433	163	Geo Lattimore	11 52
433	163	Wm G Lattimore	3 60
200		Wm McPherson	5 30
433	153	John Miller	34 45
433	163	Jacob do	34 45
433	163	Martha McConnel	11 52
433	153	Geo Mead	61 73
433	153	B R Morgan	45 95
100		McCord & Campbell	15 90
433	153	Robt Miller	22 93
433		Jacob Metzger	11 25
433		Jane Miller	11 25
433	153	Robt Miller	11 25
323		Hugh Patton	17 10
433	153	Richard Peters	45 95
100		Passmore, Jas Bryant and Haslet	15 90
433	153	Thos Reese	229 45
433	153	Christian Rohrer	34 98
433	153	Jacob Rudesill	52 97
405	47	Jacob Rush	107 31
38		Wm H Robison	1 06
37		do	1 06
433	153	Casper Schafner	229 45
433	153	And Shenk	34 45
433	153	Michael Shenk	34 45
433	153	Christian Shenk	34 45
347	16	Jacob Steck	19 64
433	157	Robert Spear	68 90
433	153	Mary Smith	23 02
167	7	Geo Slough	13 25
219		And Scott	17 58
433	153	Jacob Slough	97 24
433	153	Geo Slough	34 45
200		Joseph Sands	31 80
433	153	Elenor Siddons	22 50
193		Ed French, owner	20 42
406		Barbara Snyder	31 67
433	153	Jacob Slough	33 80
122	44	John Weidman	22 33
402	16	Jacob Weidman	106 53
226¾		John Wilson	37 10
75		Wm Wilson	31 00
313	106	John Witmer	24 91
80		Henry Witmer	21 20
306	100	Wm Wilson	81 17
433	153	Joseph J Wallace	22 50
98		H Witmer	78
433	153	Kearney Wharton	33 80
250		White and Farson	6 50
433	153	James Toner	23 80
433	153	Hannah Turner	68 89
		TAYLOR TWP.	
150		Ames and Shaffer	14 10
150		do do	14 10
80		Jacob Beck	6 60
250		Clement Beckwith	47 00
77		Wm Bell	10 44
100		Daniel Beck	8 00
58		John Beightol	1 45
73	147	Abednigo Stevens, owner	34 5
434		John Lamb	22 50
300	22	do do	27 50
424		W W Montgomery	20 41
433	163	John McCammond	20 34
434		Polly McEwen	10 85
434		Henry McEwen	13 85
123		Ridgway, Budd & Co, ow'r	23 13
180		same	42 30
189		same	44 42
141		same	33 14
210		same	49 35
433	163	Barbara Shyder	20 41
99		C Van Pool	4 23
50		Jacob Van Pool	4 70
109		Thomas Wilson Est., owners	14 10
433	153	Joshua Williams	32 49
434		Polly Williams	3 70
60		Jos Yoder	2 82
125		John Van Pool	20 54
20		C Van Pool	4 70
200		Joseph Welsh	22 50
433	153	Joshua Williams	32 47
		UNION TWP.	
208½		Ebinezer Branham	30 10
200		P R Kuhn	17 20
100		Samuel Phillips	12 90
383		P B Crider & Son, ow'r	86 00
		WALKER TWP.	
50		Wm Ackert	1 19
92	49	Robt Askers	2 15
143	11	Wm Ackert	1 65
212	110	John Baker	8 16
212		Samuel Barkmen	10 38
162		Ruth Brooks	3 11
247	65	Robt Baker	5 73
330		Wm Brady	7 20
280	129	Mary Currier	6 72
60		Mary Currier	1 44
15		Margaret Daugherty	71
229	135	Elizab'th Daugherty	5 28
111	42	Mary Daugherty	49
98		do	58
69	79	Jesse Evans	1 65
100	39	do	2 40
92	26	Wm Eckert	2 22
80		Geo Fry	3 84
243	55	Wm Gilbert	5 81
123		do	2 96
211	98	do	1 22
65	72	Peter Hahn	5 10
65	50	Wm Hahn	1 54
59	40	David Johnson	1 44
161		John Knox	7 20
560		Mary McEwen	2 53
327	160	Wm Mansel	8 45
98	94	John Mercer	2 17
327	100	David Mercer	8 45
384	36	Wm Miller	9 22
4		Thos McCalmont	98
500		Henry McEwen	5 75
550		Capt. and Mary Osman	5 05
25		Capt Osman	1 19
200		Capt Osman	2 30
200		Richard Parker	1 72
86	40	Job Packer	2 02
89	40	Jas Packer, Jr	2 15
182		Richard Purdon	7 29
50		Benj Piles & Co	30
400		Jere Parker	3 45
150		David Reed	7 20
175		Rachael Robison	7 20
441		Sam'l Robison	10 61
100		John Purdon	2 40
242	88	Jas Sutler	11 62
24		do	79
75		do	1 79
382	36	Daniel Sutler	9 22
560		Henry McEwen, ow'r	14 28
30		Amos Wickersham	71
12		Robt Wilson	30
		WORTH TWP.	
250		J B Gray	18 25
250		P B D Gray	8 00
25		Widow Morris	5 45
50		Jno Swanswick	7 30
100		Geo Kelly, owner	14 60
160		Jon Laird, owner	5 49
58		Ladd Abednigo, ow'o	6 27
¼		W H Blair, owner	58

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Freckles can be removed from the face with sandpaper—Life.

"Gents, did you mail that letter your wife gave this morning?" shouted a boy as he entered a New York street car. Six men hurriedly left the car.

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SKIN ERUPTIONS.
VENEREAL DISEASES.
DYSPEPSIA.
LOSS OF APPETITE.
FEELING OF LANGUOR.
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NERVOUS WEAKNESS.
FEMALE WEAKNESS.

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A WONDER IN MEDICINE

THE DETAILS OF A SERIES OF MOST MARVELOUS EXPERIMENTS.

The Action of Medicines Upon Hypnotized Patients — Incomprehensible Phenomena in Connection with Animal Magnetism—A Problem.

Some remarkable discoveries have been recently made by French physicians in regard to what they call the action of medicines at a distance. The patients experimented on have been those either hypnotized or capable of being hypnotized; that is, they could be thrown into a sort of magnetic slumber, in which effects could be produced on others independent of their will. There is nothing specially new in magnetism nor in hypnotism, but the new facts now elicited are of a nature so striking as to render credible the most seemingly absurd and impossible cases of so-called mind-reading.

The experiments took place at the School of Rochefort, and in the first place on a man subject to hysteria. They were tried after a series of attacks which left him in a state of extreme nervous sensitiveness. It was first endeavored to study the effects of metals. Silver and lead produced no result whatever. Zinc, copper, platinum, iron and steel, being applied, showed different influences, one causing pains, another trembling and another vascular congestion. But the contact of gold with the skin had a most extraordinary effect, causing an intense sensation of heat. A sleeve-button touching the face or finger of the patient caused him to utter a cry of agony. Even when applied outside of his clothing, or with the hand of the physician between the object and his skin, their was the sense of acute pain. Sometimes a piece of silver or gold was slipped into his belt witout his knowlenge. He did not seem to be aware of the presence of the first, but the other caused him to twist and turn till he had found and ejected it.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE PHENOMENA.

To show that the pain was not the result of imagination or deception, articles of aluminum, bronze or other metals having the appearance of gold were placed near him without producing the slightest result. Mercury had the effect of gold, though more violent. When a thermometer was applied to the patient's person, though the metal was hermetically sealed in glass, it caused a violent sensation of heat. One day a thermometer was wrapped in a cloth that he might not know the nature of the object, and placed under his forearm. The effect was not only a sensation of burning, but a blister of the flesh and a permanent wound. Then the compounds of the metals were tried. Chloride of gold, inclosed in a corked flask, had the effect of the pure metal. So, also, the nitrate of mercury, similarly guarded against direct conuact, while nitrate of silver and carbonate and sulphate of lead, like their originals, had no effect whatever. Iodine of potassium, wrapped in a paper and placed under the forearm, caused yawning and sneezing, thought the untaught patient, even if he had been aware what the objects were, could not possibly have known what physical action they were likely to cause. Hydrogen had an effect analogous to that produced when it is used medically.

But all these phenomena, though curious and entirely incomprehensible, were thrown into the shade by experiments made with medicines under similar conditions. A bit of crude opium enveloped in a paper was placed under the head of the subject. In less than a minute his eyelids closed, his muscles relaxed and he was in a sound and tranquil sleep. In ten minutes he awoke of his own accord, rubbed his eyes, yawned and had all the symptoms of a person awaked from profound repose. The opium was then applied to the forehead, the back of the neck, the right and left sides of the head, the soles of the feet, and always with the same result. A small bottle of narceine caused sleep with the turning of the head to the left. One of codeine, sleep with snoring. One of nicotine, applied to the right wrist, convulsions of the face on the right side, and such an intense burning at the point of contact that it was necessary to remove the bottle. Choro-hydrate of narcotine produced sleep with great pain on awaking. A vial of atropine placed under the sole of the foot caused the patient in three seconds to rest immovable with his eyes open. Soon the eyelids dropped, the eyes were convulsed and the pupils became dialated. Chloral in a paper applied to the arm caused sleep in less than a minute. A vial of digitalis placed on the sole of the foot brought on immediate vomiting and spitting, with a feeble pulse and interrupted breathing. The phenomena alarmed the physicians in attendance they were so intense. Sulphate of quinine in a vial produced no effect, but placed on the forehead caused an intense headache. So also with caffeine, which only when placed on the arm caused a violent excitement, with pulse and respiration accelerated.

A MOST MARVELOUS EXPERIMENT.

The most curious and most convincing of these experiments was the following: When the sick person had retired for the night there was slipped under his pillow a little packet of jaborandi. In less than a minute his eyelids closed and sleep ensued. Three minutes afterward sleep ceased, saliva exuded from the mouth, the skin became moist and the patient complained of excessive heat. In recovering consciousness he spoke of a sweet taste when he drank milk or when he put a cigarette to his lips. This saccharine action of the saliva was unknown to the attendant physicians, though it had been previously described as an attendant phenomenon. In this case it is scarcely necessary to call attention to the marvelous features of the experiment. The medicine was not even placed in contact with the skin, but at a distance from the patient, who did not know that anything was under his pillow, or if he had been made aware of it could not have known its nature or its possible results. Yet the effect on his system was similar though more radical than would have been the same remedy applied in a regular way. Some skeptical physicians applied mercury or opium in packets whose contents were unknown to the others present, and could not be even surmised by the patient, and always with the intolerable burning or sleep as described in the previous cases.

These experiments and others with other medicines were renewed on these and other patients in numberless ways, and always with the same consequences. Cherry laurel produced a religious ecstasy; a bottle of champagne, unopened, intoxication, with singing and dancing. How were all these mysterious effects produced, often without even external contact? How could mercury blister the flesh through its tubes of glass and cloth envelopes? How could a medicine, placed unknown under a person's pillow, cause salivation, with the accompany symptoms? The substances were usually inclosed in paper, or in bottles, and many of them are odorless and could send forth no effluvium to affect the patient's nerves. The whole matter is profoundly mysterious.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Baltimore policemen on retiring from service are allowed a pension equal to one-third of their pay while on duty.

CHASED BY A WATERSPOUT.

A Curious Incident of a Homeward Voyage from Trinidad to New York.

On Tuesday, October 20, we had a sensation that woke us up a little. The Trinidad was chased by a waterspout. It was a very stormy day, with a rough sea, and raining hard. We were then in the neighborhood of latitude 27 degrees, or about 100 miles further north than Key West. Between 1 and 2 o'clock in the afternoon I happened out on deck, and saw just enough sun trying to shine to show that the sun was not entirely drowned out. But the sun, curiously enough, was still over in the east, when it should have been to the westward of us. After cogitating over this phenomenon for a short time I started aft to look at the compass, and found nearly all the passengers gathered on the afterdeck. The compass showed that we were moving southward and heading for St. Kitts again.

The passengers and all the steward's boys were watching a curious column that rose straight up out of the sea, and seemed to be chasing us. They lost no time in telling the new-comer that the column was a waterspout, and that the ship had been dodging it for the last half hour. It was said to be, when I first saw it, about two miles from the ship, and looked at that distance, about the diameter of a hogshead. The column of water must have been fully half a mile high, and from the top of it sprang a dark-colored tail, looking like smoke coming out of a chimney, but perfectly round. This upper part went up zigzag fashion as far as we could see and disappeared in the clouds. When first seen the waterspout was immediately in front of us, and the ship's course was changed to avoid it. Then it started after us, and we continued to dodge it for more than half an hour. At last we left it behind and resumed our course. We did not see it break, but lost it in the distance.

I asked Capt. Frazer afterward what would have been the result if we had run into it, and he replied that the ship's going into it would undoubtedly have broken the column, so that a few hundred thousand tons of water would have come down on our heads very much to the detriment of all our "upper works." He thought it would not have damaged the solid parts of the ship, but perhaps it was just as well not to give it a chance to try. The weather cleared off in the evening, but we still had a rough sea—so rough, that steamer chairs would not stand steadily enough on deck to be used with comfort or safety. On the following day the weather was much cooler and more pleasant, and the sea smoother. On Thursday, with another rough sea, we got a welcome reminder that we were approaching cooler climates. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when we were said to be just opposite Hatteras, all the awnings were taken down. There was no further use for them.—William Drysdale in New York Times.

The First Seal of the Confederacy.

Commodore Semmes was one of the first volunteers for Confederate service. He was anxious to be afloat under the stars and bars. There being no navy he was assigned to the light-house bureau. At length he heard of a merchant steamer that could be bought at New Orleans, and was sent to examine her. He brought back a picture of the vessel, which he exhibited with great enthusiasm, saying: "She is a good craft, sir; a good craft. When she is cut down to fighting trim she'll do brave work, sir."

This was the famous "Sumpter" whose career on the seas is history. It was necessary to commission her. A form of commission was furnished by Commander Semmes, which was carefully transcribed. It was necessary to affix to this the seal of the Confederate government. There was no seal, and no engraver. Commander Semmes and Mr. Capers procured a block of boxwood, some type from The Advertiser office, and with their pocket knives began digging out a seal. Dr. DeLeon brought in a young surgeon, who assisted, and the seal was soon ready at the expense of several pocket knives. When applied to the wafer it made a very fine impression. With this commission, the first ever issued by the Confederate government, Commander Semmes boarded his Sumpter.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Virulence Which Rage Imparts.

The tragic fate of Dr. Warner, the Baltimore physician who tried to bandage a wounded dog and paid for his kindness with his life, is being ascribed to the influence of an excited imagination, but the true cause may be the virulence which rage imparts to the bite of tortured animals. The cur had been run over by a street car and was picked up stunned and bleeding, but revived in the hands of the kind doctor, whom he probably mistook for the author of his woes. During the last Russo-Turkish campaign a Russian surgeon was bitten by a dying Bashi-Bazouk, and two days after his hand and wrist began to swell in a way that his colleagues decided to amputate his arm at the elbow. The saliva virus of agonized creatures of the mammal species has occasionally caused the death of innocent victims, but nature's original intention was probably to protect her children by making cruelty perilous.—Dr. Oswald in Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Indecency of French Art.

French art is like French literature—given to nasty realism or sensationalism. Their goddesses are nude women, and the basis of French pictures is either the nude female or else that bas-relief in the Arc de Triomphe representing soldiers going to battle. You will find that goddess of liberty from the Arc de Triomphe in all sorts of forms in French painting and sculpture. French artists make themselves ridiculous trying to create an art without love or religion. Art must have something—let it be religion or superstition—to inspire it. That is what made the art of Raphael and others of the old masters so great, not their fidelity to nature. This quality is possessed more by Germans than by the French, but Germans are lacking in technique, and still more in color.—Chicago News.

A Playful Member of the House.

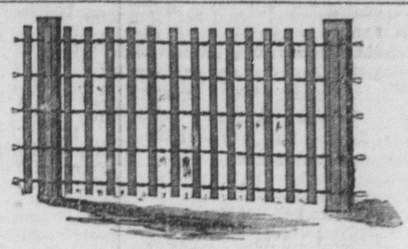
Randolph Tucker, who is regarded as one of the soundest lawyers in the house, is one of the most playful in it. If you watch him for five minutes as he saunters around on the floor you will observe that in that time he will have his arm around the waist of some Republican member, he will have adjusted the collar of some particularly well-dressed gentleman, and caressed the mustache of some conceited one. If a remarkably large or remarkably small person comes in his way he will meet him in a mock pugilistic encounter, and he is sure to have tickled some fat man under the short rib. In that time he has been solving some knotty legal conundrum and he has been smiling all the time.—Washington Post.

The Sword of Gen. Shields.

Among the collection of swords, originally the property of the late Gen. Shields, which Representative Hale's bill proposes to purchase for the government, is the famous one presented to him by citizens of South Carolina for distinguished services in the war with Mexico. This sword is said to have cost not less than $10,000, and to be the most expensive thing of the kind ever made in this country.—Detroit Free Press.

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?

Among the many symptoms of Dyspepsia or indigestion the most prominent are: Variable appetite; faint, gnawing feeling at pit of the stomach, with unsatisfied craving for food; heartburn, feeling of weight and wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, low spirits, general prostration, headache, and constipation. There is no form of disease more prevalent than Dyspepsia, and none so peculiar to the high-living and rapid-eating American people. Alcohol and tobacco produce Dyspepsia; also, bad air, rapid eating, etc. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will cure the worst case, by regulating the bowels and toning up the digestive organs. Sold everywhere.



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3 The following ADVANCED COURSES, two years each, following the first two years of the General Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATURAL HISTORY CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after Nov. 8, 1885.

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia			11 20 p m
" "	Harrisburg			3 30 a m
" "	Montandon			5 46 a m
" "	Williamsport			7 25 a m
" "	Jersey Shore			7 52 a m
" "	Lock Haven			8 18 a m
" "	Renovo			9 25 a m
" arr at	Erie			5 15 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia			4 30 p m
" "	Harrisburg			8 10 a m
" "	Montandon			10 12 a m
" "	Williamsport			11 10 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven			12 00 m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia			7 30 p m
" "	Harrisburg			11 25 p m
" "	Montandon			1 25 a m
" arr at	Williamsport			2 30 a m
" "	Lock Haven			2 55 a m
" "	Renovo			5 40 a m
" "	Kane			9 25 a m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia			11 40 a m
" "	Harrisburg			3 50 p m
" "	Montandon			5 54 p m
" "	Biehl			8 45 p m
" "	Lock Haven			8 25 p m
" arr at	Renovo			9 00 p m
	(Sunday Train.			
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia			4 00 p m
" "	Harrisburg			7 00 p m
" "	Montandon			10 00 p m
" "	Williamsport			10 00 p m
" "	Lock Haven			11 00 p m
" arrives	Renovo			12 00 m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven			7 00 a m
" "	Jersey Shore			7 25 a m
" "	Williamsport			8 00 a m
" "	Montandon			9 10 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg			11 35 a m
" "	Philadelphia			3 10 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane			6 30 a m
" "	Renovo			10 10 a m
" "	Lock Haven			11 10 a m
" "	Williamsport			12 20 p m
" "	Montandon			1 23 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg			3 25 p m
" "	Philadelphia			6 50 p m
RENOVO AC'N leaves	Renovo			4 00 p m
" "	Lock Haven			5 05 p m
" "	Williamsport			6 20 p m
" "	Montandon			7 27 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg			9 40 p m
" "	Philadelphia			4 45 a m
Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East run also on Sundry.				
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie			2 40 p m
" "	Renovo			11 00 p m
" "	Lock Haven			12 05 p m
" "	Williamsport			1 20 a m
" "	Montandon			2 24 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg			4 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia			8 25 a m

Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with E. J. & W. R. R. at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD. BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R.

Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A M	A M	STATIONS.	Eastward A M	P M
1 30	10 15	6 50	Montandon	9 10	1 15
1 50	10 25	6 15	Lewisburg	9 00	1 00
2 00		6 25	Biehl	8 45	
2 08		6 32	Vicksburg	8 35	
2 22		6 48	Mifflinburg	8 24	
2 40		6 59	Millmont	8 12	
2 48		7 07	Laurelton	8 03	
3 50		7 57	Coburn	7 12	
4 00		8 04	Zerby	7 06	
4 15		8 15	Rising Spring	6 55	
4 27		8 24	Penn Cave	6 46	
4 40		8 38	Centre Hall	6 37	
4 50		8 40	Gregg	6 29	
5 03		8 49	Linden Hall	6 21	
5 12		8 54	Oak Hall	6 16	
5 19		9 00	Lemont	6 10	
5 27		9 07	Dale Summit	6 03	
5 42		9 16	Pleasant Gap	5 54	
5 56		9 19	Axemann	5 51	
6 10		9 25	Bellefonte	5 45	

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.25 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.10 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6 p m and 7 30 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Ag't.

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Charity.

Rich gifts that Heaven delights to see
The poorest hands may hold;
The love that of its poverty
Gives kindly succor, prompt and free,
Is worth its weight in gold.

One smile can glorify a day,
One word new hope impart;
The least disciple need not say
There are no alms to give away,
If love be in the heart.

The gentle word, the helping hand,
Are needed everywhere,
God's poor are always in the land,
And small things done for them shall stand
Large recompense to share.

No earthly pen the tale may write
Of cup or crust so given;
But angels have such deeds in sight,
Writ large, in characters of light,
On records kept in heaven!

CURED BY A PHOTO.

Charlie Cornwall and his wife enjoyed, during the first year or so of their marriage, the blissful belief that each had been the other's first love. Still, although Charlie was fully persuaded that his Lucy had never seen anything lovable in man before she met him, and although Lucy was convinced that her husband loved her with true and unadulterated affection, Mrs. Cornwall could not entirely throw off the distrust of the opposite sex which is always to some extent innate in woman, and being aware that there is a very popular code of ethics which makes marriage equivalent to license, she kept a jealous eye upon her husband. Nothing, however, happened to interfere with the harmony and happiness of their life together until Charlie, having answered a very tempting advertisement in the *Field*, anent a shooting-box in Inverness-shire which was to be let on application to a certain "X. Y. Z.," and having concluded the necessary arrangements, had transported himself and wife thither.

Upon the first day after their arrival, while Charlie went round with the keeper over the ground which it was proposed to break on the morrow, Mrs. Cornwall was pretty fully occupied in arranging the little house to their requirements. Experience of country house visits and seaside apartments had taught Lucy Cornwall, among other things, that the drawers of wash-hand stands are very often the receptacles of the most extraordinary rubbish and odds and ends, but during all this experience she had never met with such a shock as awaited her during her explorations of this little remote Highland shooting box. In one of the aforesaid drawers she found a photograph of her Charlie, one of a set which she remembered he had taken when their billing and cooing was in full swing, upon which was written in his handwriting: "From your ever true and affectionate Charlie."

But for this writing she would have regarded this discovery as being merely an extraordinary coincidence, but the inscription was a damning fact and when she put two and two together, and recalled his ardent professions of fidelity to and affection for her at the time the photograph was taken, at one fell swoop was shattered the pleasant belief into which she had lulled herself as to her husband's immaculate behavior before his marriage to her. There was not an extenuating circumstance conceivable. The photograph had certainly not been given to a man, or such an inscription would not have graced it; but had without doubt been given to some woman, who, finding herself deceived, had thrown it away in disgust.

So she waited the arrival of the unconscious Charlie with that stern joy which woman, as well as warriors, sometimes feel; determined, no matter at what cost, to find out to whom he had been "ever true and affectionate" at a time when he was continually swearing that she was his only idol on earth. Her heart beat quickly when a well-known step and a careless whistle down stairs proclaimed the approach of the victim, and she made no answer to his "Lucy! Lucy! Where are you! Here's a Highland welcome for a fellow who has been tramping about since breakfast time, and who is tired, wet and hungry! Hullo!"

This last ejaculation was the result of his first glimpse of his wife's face. He saw at once that something had happened during his absence and therefore composed his features to a suitable gravity.

"Why what's the matter, Lucy?" he continued. "You look as if—"

Mrs. Cornwall cut him short with magisterial severity.

"Charles Cornwall," she said, holding up the photograph, "explain this if you please!"

The unfortunate man gazed at his own counterfeit presentment and the color fled from his cheeks.

"Explain what? Explain this photo?" he stammered. "Why, my angel, I wonder you're not ashamed to keep such a hideous work of art. It was done whilst we were sweethearting, before I grew my beard. There's a coat! There's a head of hair! Ha! ha! I never did come out well—never!"

"Charles Cornwall," continued his wife, still keeping her relentless gaze fixed on the unhappy man's guilty face. "I found this photograph in a drawer upstairs. Now how did it get there?"

"My dear, good soul, how on earth am I to know?" replied Charlie. "I gave it to some fellow, I suppose, and he—"

"No, Charles," said his wife, "not to some fellow. When one man gives his carte to another, he does not as a rule describe himself as 'ever true and affectionate.' Women may be fools, Charles, but your wife is no fool. There's a mystery here which I must and will have cleared up. O Charles, Charles! How often you have sworn to me that I was your first and only love!"

"So you were," said Charlie; "and you can't prove anything to the consrary."

"No, but this photograph could," answered Mrs. Cornwall. "You've given it to some woman and I shall make it my business to find out who she was."

The wretched man groaned inwardly and racked his brain to recall any injudicious little present of this kind he might have made during that period of festive enthusiasm which usually marks the close of bachelor life. It could not have been Stella, of the Jocosa Theatre, or that pretty girl in the pink dress that he met at Henley or—— No; he was positively sure that even if he had distributed little mementoes of this nature amongst his fair friends he would not have been such a fool as to write on them so criminating a sentence as that by which he was now confronted.

Mrs Cornwall, of course, observed his embarassment and naturally construed it as an admission of guilt.

"Charles," she said, "there will not be another day of happiness between us until the mystery of this photograph is solved and until I know who has been sniggering and slobbering over it."

"My dear, don't be silly," said her husband. "If I tell you that I haven't the faintest recollection of having given my photo to any body, male or female, except yourself and our friends, it ought to be enough. You've no right to doubt my honor and fidelity on account of a trumpery discovery like this and if my assurance cannot satisfy you you must remain unsatisfied. It's unwarranted, it's cruel and its absurd."

Of course, Mrs. Cornwall fell to sobbing at this unexpected display of spirit and whined out something from Byron to the effect that love was a thing apart from man's life, but that it was woman's whole existence. In which frame of mind the cold-blooded Charlie left her, glad at the success so far of the attitude he had taken up, but by no means so sure of innocence as he made himself out to be. So for two or three days the relationship between man and wife was what in political language would be termed "strained."

About a week afterwards Charlie came in from shooting and said:

"My dear, I met 'X. Y. Z.' to-day for the first time. He is very anxious to know if we are quite comfortable here and said that he hoped very shortly to do himself the honor of paying us a visit."

"H'm! Perhaps the lady whom you so signally favored will come with him," said Mrs. Cornwall, with sarcastic emphasis.

"We shall see," replied her husband. "He didn't say anything about bringing a lady with him. Shall I ask him to?"

"Oh, dear, yes, of course," replied Mrs. Cornwall. "You must be anxious to see one to whom you are ever true and affectionate after all this time. Oh, yes, ask her by all means. It would be such a delicate act of courtesy toward me. What is 'X. Y. Z.'s' name?"

"Fordyce—Richard Fordyce," replied Charlie.

The mention of this name produced a strange effect upon Mrs. Cornwall, which Charlie could not fail to note; the color left her cheeks, her breathing came hard and fast and her fingers began to twitch nervously.

"Well, my dear, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," replied Lucy. "I—I don't feel very well. I think this Scotch air is rather too strong for me. I would like to go south again."

Such a sudden indisposition of one who had been, up to a few seconds previously, in robust health made Charlie Cornwall ponder. Why should the name of Richard Fordyce produce such a strange and immediate effect? Evidently there was something below the surface, and as he had during the past few days undergone an intolerable persecution at the hands of his wife, he was in no mood to leave any stone unturned by which he could turn the tables on her. So he replied:

"Nonsense! Lucy, nonsense! You haven't been here long enough to get accustomed to the air, so don't talk already of going south when we've got two months to run. Besides, my dear, I'm curious about this affair of the photograph, and when Fordyce comes I'll ask him if he knows anything about it. Remember you have made a very grave accusation against me, and although I have not said much, it has been a source of great annoyance and grief to me."

"Oh, never mind about that, Charlie," said his wife; "I haven't been very well for some days and when one isn't well one is apt to be irritable at trifles. Consider it all as unsaid and let us get away from this damp, dreary place."

But Charlie, whose turn it was to be suspicious, insisted that she should give the place a trial of a few days longer, and so, in spite of all her sobbings and entreaties, Mrs. Cornwall had to yield with the best grace she could.

On the very next morning Charlie, as he was smoking his after-breakfast pipe, saw Fordyce coming up the garden, but, for reasons of his own, he did not allow himself to be seen and did not go out to greet his visitor. He listened, however, attentively and after hearing his wife run hastily down stairs, he heard Mr. Fordyce's cheery voice sing out:

"Why, Lucy! who would have thought of meeting you in this out-of-the-way corner! We haven't seen each other since—"

Here Mrs. Cornwall, interrupting, said: "Hush, Dick, hush! I'm Mrs. Cornwall now. We must not be as we were to each other, for if my husband were to know that we were acquainted I can't think what he would do. As it is, I'm in a dreadful fix on account of a photograph of his which I found up stairs and which—"

At that moment Charlie, who had intently followed the little chat up to this point and who feared that further absence on his part would prevent the truth about the photograph becoming known to him, appeared.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Fordyce," he said, extending his hand. "I don't think you know Mrs. Cornwall—but—"

It was difficult to say who looked the more uncomfortable, Lucy Cornwall or Richard Fordyce, and Charlie, who now saw a chance of being able to pay off long arrears of jealous persecution, enjoyed their embarrassment thoroughly and continued:

"But perhaps you have met before?"

"Y-yes, Mr. Cornwall, I think I once had the pleasure," sheepishly murmured Fordyce.

"Egad!" thought Charlie he must have made a jolly good use of that 'once.' I rather think there's something more to come out." But he only said:

"That's all right, then; I needn't introduce you." And to his wife's relief he went on talking generally about the house and the prospects of the season and of one thing and another, until she was almost lulled into a sense of security and began to think that after all he was not so very anxious to solve the mystery of the photograph. She was not so well pleased, however when Charlie insisted that Fordyce should come back to dinner after the day's shooting, for she knew very well that men wax very much more eloquent upon certain subjects over their after-dinner claret than in the presence of their wives. So when Fordyce had gone she seized the opportunity and said to Charlie:

"I think it is very inconsiderate of you, Charlie, when I tell you that I don't feel well, to ask a man in to dinner."

"All right, my dear," replied her husband. "You need not turn up if you don't feel equal to it, and we will start for the south to-morrow if you wish it. At the same time I cannot help remarking upon the extraordinary suddenness of your indisposition and its coincidence with the arrival of Mr. Fordyce upon our little world here. But as I have asked him to dinner, I can't put him off and I think he would remark your absence, especially as he seems to be an old friend of yours."

It may be imagined that Mrs. Cornwall passed a sufficiently miserable day. If she could but get hold of Fordyce she might be able to stave off what now seemed inevitable exposure, but he was out on the moors and the only grain of comfort she could extract from the situation was the probability that he would naturally not be particularly eloquent on a subject which was of rather a delicate character and that Charlie would not get much out of him.

She accordingly appeared at dinner, smothering her anxiety under a mask of affability; and nothing occurred during the process of the meal to render her especially unhappy. But when she rose to leave the two men to their wine, Charlie said:

"You don't mind smoke, Lucy, and it will be uncommonly dull for you all alone in the drawing room, so stay with us, I am sure Mr. Fordyce will pardon the departure from conventionality in a shooting-box."

Of course both the visitor and Lucy gladly acquiesced.

"Yes, Mr. Fordyce," said Charlie, as if in continuation of a broken off conversation, "we are exceedingly comfortable here, but we might be a great deal more so if—"

"Now it's coming," groaned poor Mrs. Cornwall to herself.

"If," went on Charlie, "you could help us clear up a mysterious little matter connected with a photograph of myself which Mrs. Cornwall found a few days ago in a drawer up-stairs and for the existence of which, I cannot for the life of me accounnt and which, not unnaturally, perhaps makes her a little uneasy."

"What will Dick say, I wonder?" thought Mrs. Cornwall.

"A photograph of you found in a drawer up stairs?" exclaimed Fordyce, in astonishment.

"Yes," said Charlie. "Lucy, my dear, just run up stairs and bring the photograph for Mr. Fordyce to see."

Mrs. Cornwall rose and left the room. Charlie seized the opportunity and said to his guest:

"Look here, Fordyce, we are men of the world and understand each other. Of course, I see how matters stand, although the presence of that photograph here is still a mystery to me. When I was spooning Lucy I was not such a fool as to believe that a pretty girl like her would have no other admirer but me, and of course I never believed her when she has told me that she never loved any one but me. But she's very jealous, and now that I have a chance of giving her a lesson I don't want to let it go. Understand, eh?"

Fordyce nodded, and Mrs. Cornwall entered with the photograph, which she handed to him.

"I want you to look at it," said Charlie, in a calm, judicial tone, "because to be quite candid with you, it has caused a good deal of unpleasantness between us, and when two people marry for love, as we did, and each is the other's first love, such a calamity as ill-feeling ought to be impossible."

Then, turning to Mrs. Cornwall, whose exquisite misery during this expose of the state of affairs to an old flame may be imagined, he said: "All I want to do, my dear, is to clear myself in your eyes by having it plainly proved that this photograph was never given by me to any other woman, as you suspect to be the case."

Fordyce began his answer with a roar of laughter.

"Well, Mr. Cornwall," he said at length, "you have been so exceedingly candid with me that I must be the same with you."

Mrs. Cornwall's agitation was painful to witness. If she could have frowned, or shaken her head, or touched Fordyce without attracting her husband's attention she would have done so, but she dared not, and braced up for the worst.

Fordyce went on.

"This photograph, Mr. Cornwall, I took from the lady who is now your wife, when I was head-over-heels in love with her."

"That was going on, then, at the same time as my courtship of her," said Charlie, quietly.

"Yes," replied his visitor; "I was a rival of yours, although I did not even know your name."

"And I had no idea that I had a rival," said Charlie determined that the arrows now wounding his wife should be well barbed.

"Then, when I found that she had a photograph of you," continued Fordyce, "I was jealous, and took it away from her. And then I lost sight of her altogether, although I heard she was married, forgot all about the photo—probably threw it away in my disappointment—and there it has been ever since."

"Now, Mrs. Cornwall," said her husband, with affected severity, "I hope that you are satisfied that at any rate I am not the sinner,"

"Oh, yes, Charlie dear, of course I am!" sobbed Lucy; "I've been very cruel and wicked, and I hope you will forgive me!"

When a girl begins to take an interest in the condition of a young man's wardrobe, it is a sign they are engaged. When she loses all interest in it it is a ign they have parted, or are married.

THE SOOTHING WEED.

Why Men Smoke at Various Times and Places.

A number of literary men smoke simply to make an income. They have learned that with a pipe in their mouth thoughts not only come more readily, but in better order, and that while it is often difficult to get the proper word if they are not smoking, it runs to the point of the pen the moment they "light up." Psychologically this is the most interesting; and the reason womankind can not grasp it probably is that psychology is not, unfortunately, taught in the ladies' seminaries. Smoking is a great safeguard against infectious diseases. It is only by reading up the subject scientifically in medical treatises that one thoroughly gets to understand the thousands risks of this kind that we run every day. In the country during the summer months, when men are on their holidays, they look forward to having a temporary respite from smoking. Then it does not so much matter how the temperament is; living so much in the open air, the smoking of other persons has little effect on them, and there is less danger of infection. It is to keep off the flies that men smoke at the seaside and on the hills. Their own weather-beaten countenances can stand the flies, but those little demons would not only spoil the summer for our susceptible wives and sisters and children, but would disfigure them as well. That is what a man can not endure. You may have seen picnics on the river or among the fields, with men smoking and the ladies standing quite near them. With many smoking is an excuse for staying at home. A man looks foolish of an evening doing nothing. Yet he is too tired to do much. A cigar supplies the amount of labor he requires, and he does not mind the trouble of smoking it so long as it enables him to stay at home without loss of dignity and look over it admiringly, and yet undemonstratively, at his wife. Should a man with a small income be an epicure, or naturally of an irascible temper, it will add greatly to the happiness of his home if he compels himself to smoke. And, at present, when times are so hard as to effect every one more or less, a cigar is a cheap and excellent substitute for costly amusements.

Type Setting in Japan.

The office of the Nichi-Nichi Shinbun, a Japanese newspaper, is thus described: The feature of the Shinbun office was the type case—for there was only one of body type. And such a type case! Ghost of Benjamin Franklin, what a case! Suppose we measure it. It is divided for utility into two sections sloping toward an alley five feet wide. Each section is four feet wide by 30 feet long—4 by 60 feet. There's a new case for you! This is divided into small compartments or boxes, into which the type is laid in regular piles, several piles in a box, with faces all toward the compositors, mostly boys, big and little. Each holds a wooden "stick" with brass rule. The type are all of a size; the "stick" is not set to the measure of the column, which is 20 ems pica, but to about half the measure—it being the business of ihe other workmen to impose the lines in columns, take proof, and make up forms. Now, then, the type-setting. Armed with sticks and rules and copy, the dozen compositors read the last in an earnest, sing-song way, each rushing to some box far or near for the needed letters—then back ten or twelve feet to the second one—all are on the lively move—rushing and skipping to and fro, right and left, up and down, chasse, balance to partners, swing the corners, up and back, singing the copy, catching one letter here, another there, prancing and dodging, humming and skipping—promenade, cotillion, Virginia reel, and all-hands-around upon the same floor, at the same time and the same dancers in each—a perfect maze of noise and confusion—yet out of confusion bringing printed order! It was a sight to be seen. "How many different characters are there in this case, anyhow?" we asked our guide. Then our guide asked the printers, and none could answer better than say: "Nobody knows, sir! nobody knows—many thousand." Later we repeated the same question to a more intelligent person, who said: "At least 50,000." That will account for the remarkable size of the case and the racing to and fro of the compositors. Just why they intone their copy all the while was not made so clear—other than the remark that it was the custom.

Macaulay's Tribulations.

In his last days Macaulay was grievously vexed by the modern penalty of fame. Any one who thought he had a genius or a grievance wrote to him either to advance or extinguish it, as the case might be. The historian in his journal mentions the clergyman who wrote to him three times to ask what the allusion to St. Cecilia meant in the account of the trial of Warren Hastings, A Scottish gentleman, who wished to publish a novel, wrote that he would be glad to come to London and submit his manuscript to the judgment of the essayist, if the latter would remit him $250. A cattle painter appealed to him, "as he loved the fine arts," to hire or buy him a cow to paint from. A schoolmaster in Cheltenham, who published a wretched pamphlet on British India, full of errors, received a courteous note from Macaulay pointing out two gross mistakes, whereupon the schoolmaster issued a new edition, which was advertised as "revised and corrected by Lord Macaulay." These are the penalties of popularity, and, as the story now goes, Lord Tennyson is suffering acutely from the same affliction. He has been obliged, it is said, to give up answering, even by secretary, his multitudinous correspondents, and so consigns the manuscript they send him to his private Balaam box.

Snoots—"I say, Bangs did you know the Broadway street railroad rails have been painted red?"

Bangs—"No! What did they do that for?"

Snoots—"To cover up the steal."

"There can be no great men without grandmothers," says Kate Field. No Kate, and there can be no grandmothers without grandfathers. Give the old man a chance, Kate.

The Savings Bank.

You know that I lost my father and mother in my infancy, and that I had not a relative in the world. I was wild and thoughtless when I began my apprenticeship as locksmith. My master was, on the other hand, a grave, reserved man, so that a very few words from him were important. When for the first time he paid me a week's wages he said: "Peter, you do not need more than half of what is due you; the other half I will set aside for the savings bank." And so it was.

I showed my book to my companion, and he told me that it was perfectly correct.

That night when we laid down side by side to sleep, he said, "Peter, you and I can be rich, and will have nothing to do but see the world and let our money work for us." He added that we must go to California, where the earth is full of gold.

"Very good," I answered, "but who will give us the money to make the voyage?"

"Haven't you your bank book?"

"You call it a trifle yourself."

"We will make something better of it," said he striking a light. "I have an idea. Get up and show me your book."

"Capital!" he cried, when I had given him my book. "Nobody will have the slightest suspicion. 'Received this day five crowns.' Of 'five crowns,' I will make 'five hundred,' and we will have the means of starting on our travels."

At these words I began to tremble. "My friend," said I, this ought not to be done. I will not permit it."

"Let me alone," said he; "I will show you how easy it is."

A fatal curiosity woke in me and I said to him: "You can do it this way. Try it on another paper, or else you will spoil my book, and I should lose the little I possess."

I hoped he would not succeed, and that his failure would deliver me from my guilty covetousness; and yet I could have wished him to succeed.

"Let me alone," he sharply replied, "and do not make me angry, or else my hand will tremble and I shall spoil everything."

I crossed my arms on my chest, and with trembling, I watched him change the words written on my precious book, while it seemed as if my heart were bursting. Then he took a little knife and scratched out a few letters. I shivered, and yet I said to myself: "Now you are rich and able to grow richer."

I looked at what he had just written. "Received 500 crowns." Nobody could detect the least falsification in these words, and the great register was burned.

We returned to bed. I already saw myself across the ocean, picking up nuggets of gold. I had a carriage with four magnificent horses, and a servant who offered me a beautiful meerschaum pipe trimmed with silver, while another poured my champagne.

On Christmas Eve Counsellor Menninger's servant came running to our workshop. I was in the doorway. She said she had come for me, and that I must go at once with my tools to her master's house.

The counsellor's name had terrified me. Could my fault be already known? I had decided not to use my book till Spring, and had never shown it. But I was afraid of everything.

Nevertheless, I went with the young girl. She had a sweet, fresh face, and the pure Christmas light burned in her eyes.

"It will be hard for you," said I to Catharine, "to leave these beautiful rooms for some poor little home.

"I have plenty of time in which to make up my mind to it," she replied. "But you do not yet know everything. Living in a right dwelling one soon learns that it matters little whether he is served with a golden spoon or a brass one. The essential thing is to live in peace with a good conscience."

At these words I could no longer find the key hole, and Catharine began to laugh at my lack of skill. At length, however, I opened the casket and my eyes were dazzled at the contents. Under a blue velvet cushion glittered a set of diamonds.

Catharine stepped to the door and called her master; but no sooner had he glanced at the casket than he rudely seized my hands, saying, "The brooch with the large diamond in the centre is gone."

I shook like a poplar leaf. I was about to throw myself on my knees, when I heard Catharine's voice.

"How can you think—," she said, "I was here!"

"Be still! We will examine you too!"

He called his wife and, then turning to me, said that he should search me while his wife did the same to Catharine.

My anger grew still greater when another servant suggested that Catharine might have hidden the diamonds in her hair, and I saw the poor girl as pale as death with her braids all unbound.

Naturally the counsellor found nothing on Catharine or on me. I remember that in parting I said to the young girl: "Be patient: I will make up to you all you have suffered through me."

The affront I had suffered paralyzed my conscience. I sought often to see Catharine, but seldom successfully. She said she was afraid that if we were seen together it would cause fresh suspicions. One day, however, she met me with a joyful expression.

"God be thanked! we are now completely justified. My master's sister has written him that she forgot to put the brooch into the casket."

"And is not the counsellor going to beg my pardon?"

"He wishes me to do so," she replied, "and asked me to do so for him."

I never felt so happy before. I told Catharine that I would yet be rich and would give her a beautiful carriage, harnessed to four horses, and she promised to be faithful to me, should I come for her on foot. The thing I had done still seemed nothing in comparison with the humiliation I had suffered.

Palm Sunday having come I decided on the instant of the Palatin to draw my money in order to try my fortune in the world and make Catharine my wife. I wished the Palatin to accompany me to the bank, but he refused.

I entered the counting room. Counsellor Menninger was there. At first I was frightened, and then the sight of him gave me new ardor. He was the man who had insulted me. While I waited the sweat trickled down my limbs, and my book stuck to my fingers as if it never could be shaken off.

At last my turn came. The Counsellor put on his spectacles and looked at my book. I could hear no sound but the monotonous tickings of the clock. My heart knocked hard against my side.

"You have been very economical," said the counsellor. "Will you have coin or paper?"

I said I would have paper, and he gave me a little roll of notes on each of which was written: "100 crowns." I trembled so that I could hardly hold these notes in my hands, and when he asked if the right sum was there I could only nod my affirmative. Suddenly he looked attentively at me.

"Are you not the locksmith," he asked, "whom I had summoned on Christmas eve?"

"Yes," said I.

"I am delighted to see you again. I beg you to forgive my unjust suspicion of you, which must have caused you pain. If I can render you a service it will give me great pleasure. But what is the matter? Are you ill?"

I fell on my knees crying, "No, no; I am a scoundrel. Take back your money."

And I told him all.

The counsellor was a good man. He saw my despair and spoke to me kindly. My dangerous companion was obliged to leave the city. I was affianced to Catharine in the counsellor's house, and he aided me to establish myself in that city. I ought to add that before I left the savings bank I burned my little book.

A WEDDING-DRESS FROM A TREE

The Curious Product of Nature in Central America.

A stranger traveling in Central America expressed great surprise when told by his host that mosquito-nets grew on trees in that country, says a writer in St. Nicholas. The host further asserted that he intended to get a wedding dress from the same tree for a bride who was to be married on his estate.

"You don't mean," said the traveler incredulously, "that mosquito-netting and bridal dresses grow on trees, do you?"

"That's just what I mean," replied his host.

"All right," said the stranger who fancied a joke was being attempted at his expense, "let me see you gather the fruit and I will believe you."

"Certainly," was the answer "follow the men and you will see that I speak the exact truth."

Still looking for some jest, the stranger followed the two men who were to pluck the singular fruit, and stood by when they stopped at a rather small tree bearing thick, glossy green leaves, but nothing else which the utmost effort of the imagination could convert into the netting or the wedding garment. The tree was about twenty feet high and six inches in diameter, and its bark looked much like that of a birch tree.

"Is this the tree?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, senor," answered one of the men, with a smile.

"I don't see mosquito-netting nor the wedding dress," said the stranger, "and I can't see any joke either."

"If the senor will wait a few minutes he will see all that was promised, and more too," was the reply. "He will see that this tree can bear not only mosquito-netting and wedding dresses, but fishnets and neck-scarfs, mourning crape or bridal veils."

The tree was, without more ado cut down. Three strips of bark, each about six inches wide and eight feet long, were taken from the trunk and thrown into a stream of water. Then each man took a strip while it was still in the water, and with the point of his knife separated a thin layer of the inner bark from one end of the strip. The layer was then taken in the fingers and gently pulled, whereupon it came away in an even sheet of the entire width and length of the strip of bark. Twelve sheets were thus taken from each strip of bark and thrown into the water.

A light broke in upon the stranger's mind. Without a doubt these strips were to be sewn together into one sheet. The plan seemed a good one and the fabric thus formed might do, he thought, if no better cloth could be had.

The men were not through yet, however, for when each strip of bark had yielded its twelve sheets, each sheet was taken from the water and gradually stretched sidewise. The spectator could hardly believe his eyes. The sheet broadened and broadened until from a close piece of material six inches wide, it became a filmy cloud of delicate lace over three feet in width. The astonished gentleman was forced to confess that no human-made loom ever turned out lace which could surpass in snowy whiteness and gossamer-like delicacy that product of nature.

A Black and Horrible Tempest.

Like all passions, anger has degrees, ascending from slight vexation through deepening clouds to rage and, finally, to fury, which is a black and horrible tempest. In its mid-region, where it is neither too little to be motive nor too furious to be ungovernable it has its usefulness. For all feeling is as fuel, and where there is none life has no fire, and then no flame of ascent, no glow and no light. Wherefore anger bestows strength as a motive, in this being like all passions.

But it agrees with only some and notably with fear, in that it is a waste of force and speedily flags. Anger uses up a vast force quickly, like a flash of explosion, and then has none left to apply to labor. Herein it is like a stimulant, which sets either effort or pleasure briskly forward, but soon slips back by a bitter and gloomy reaction.

A Philadelphia youth who was shaken by the earthquake in the afternoon and then shook by his best girl in the evening says he didn't mind the former, but was all broken up by the latter.

Knowledge, when possessed by only a few, has almost always been turned to iniquitous purposes.

FACETIÆ.

HE wanted a position in an Austin bank. The President was satisfied with his credentials, but before engaging him put him through a little civil service cross-examination.

"Suppose, now, a man was to come in here to deposit $20 in one-dollar bills, how would you count them?"

"I'd wet my finger and lift up each bill until I got to the last one."

"Why would you not lift up the last one?"

"Because there might possibly be one more bill under it, and if the depositor was to see it he would want it back, but if the twentieth bill is not lifted up and there should be another bill in the pile the bank makes it, don't you see?"

"You will do," said the bank President. "You have been in the business before, but I didn't suppose you knew that trick."

MR. BLANK—"Mercy! how bald I am growing."

MRS. BLANK—"So I have noticed. What causes it?"

Mr. Blank—"Oh, nothing—nothing except wearing a hat too much."

Mrs. Blank—"Then it is easy enough to prevent that bald spot from getting any larger."

Mr. Blank—"How so?"

Mrs. Blank—"Hereafter when you go out between the acts leave your hat in the seat."

CHICAGO BELLE—"I would rather you would not take my feet."

Photographer—"Thank you. I feel much relieved."

Chicago Belle—"Relieved? Why, what about?"

Photographer—"I am a little short of chemicals to-day."

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

That there is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.

How to Shorten Life.

The receipt is simple. You have only to take a violent cold, and neglect it. Abernethy, the great English surgeon, asked a lady who told him she only had a cough: "What would you have? The plague." Beware of "only coughs." The worst cases can, however, be cured by DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. In Whooping Cough and Croup it immediately allays irritation, and is sure to prevent a fatal termination of the disease. Sold by druggists.

That he who does good to another man does good also to himself.

100 Doses One Dollar is inseparably connected with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and is true of no other medicine. A bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses, and will last a month, while others will average to last not over a week. Use only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

One word: one step may make or mar one's whole future. Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic is the proper move when you have dyspepsia, bad breath, piles, pimples, ague, malaria, low spirits, headache, or any stomach or liver troubles. 50 cents.

That good is slow; it climbs. That evil is swift; it descends.

IT IS USELESS TO ATTEMPT to cleanse a stream while the fountain is impure. Dyspepsia, complaints of the liver or kidneys, scrofula, headaches, and all diseases arising from impure blood, are at once removed by DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, the infallible purifier of the blood and renovator of the system. It has never been known to fail.

That he who depends on another dines ill and sups worse.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

That publicity is the barn-door upon which fools love to chalk their names.

Frazer Axle Grease.

One greasing with Frazer Axle Grease will last two weeks, all others two or three days. Try it. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Exposition.

That good breeding is a letter of credit all over the world.

If you have tumor, (or tumor symptoms) Cancer (or cancer symptoms), Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt-Rheum, Chronic Weaknesses, Nervousness or other complaints—Dr. Kilmer's FEMALE REMEDY corrects and cures.

That a man cannot go where temptation cannot find him.

GET Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners applied to those new boots and they will never run over.

That a mother's tears are the same in all languages.

Do not read this for it is an advertisement calculated to show forth the virtues and wonderful recuperative power of Carboline, the great Petroleum Hair renewer, as it is nature's own production we cannot praise it too highly. Try it yourself. For sale by all druggists.

That the more you say the less people remember.

FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $2 trial bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

That the sunniest lives have seasons of shadow.

St. Bernard Vegetable Pills.

WARRANTED PURELY VEGETABLE. The best cure for Liver and Bilious Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia. As a Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine they have no equal. No family should be without a box of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills in the house. Price 25 cents at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address J. REUSTAEDTER & CO., 63 Mercer St., New York

Catarrh Cured

Catarrh is a very prevalent disease, with distressing and offensive symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives ready relief and speedy cure, as it purifies the blood and tones up the whole system.

"I suffered with catarrh 15 years. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and now I am not troubled any with catarrh, and my general health is much better." I. W. LILLIS, Chicago, Ill.

"I suffered with catarrh six or eight years; tried many wonderful cures, inhalers, etc., spending nearly one hundred dollars without benefit. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and was greatly improved." M. A. ABBEY, Worcester, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Hood's Sarsaparilla

This successful medicine is a carefully-prepared extract of the best remedies of the vegetable kingdom known to medical science as Alteratives, Blood Purifiers, Diuretics, and Tonics, such as Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Stillingia, Dandelion, Juniper Berries, Mandrake, Wild Cherry Bark and other selected roots, barks and herbs. A medicine, like anything else, can be fairly judged only by its results. We point with satisfaction to the glorious record Hood's Sarsaparilla has entered for itself upon the hearts of thousands of people who have personally or indirectly been relieved of terrible suffering which all other remedies failed to reach. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE? IF SO, APPLY A "HOP PLASTER." The STRONGEST and BEST Porous Plaster made. When applied to aches, strains, bruises, sharp and dull pains, weakness or soreness in any part, instant relief is felt and the parts wonderfully strengthened. Contains virtues of Hops, Burgundy Pitch and Gums. Used by multitudes. Never fails. Hop Plasters sold everywhere. Only 25 cents. 5 for $1.00.

No Hope to Cut Off Horses' Manes.

Celebrated 'ECLIPSE' HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, cannot be Slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price-List.

J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.

Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

C has taken the lead in the sales of that class of remedies, and has given almost universal satisfaction.

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C has won the favor of the public and now ranks among the leading Medicines of the seldom.

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A life experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial pamphlets. Send Stamp for sealed particulars. Address, Dr. WARD & CO., LOUISIANA, MO.

OPIUM Habit, Quickly and Painlessly cured at home. Correspondence solicited and *free trial* of cure sent to honest investigators. THE HUMANE REMEDY COMPANY, Lafayette, Ind.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT CURED.

A NEW METHOD. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, Jefferson, WISCONSIN.

SEND NAME QUICK for Prof. Moody's New Illustrated Book on Dress Making, New Bodice, and Mantle Cutting, etc. Agents sell 10 a day. Prof. MOODY, Cincinnati, O.

Pensions Widows & Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Atty, Washington, D. C.

"So President Arthur is going to marry Miss Tillie Frelinghuysen?" observed Miss De Silva.

"Yes, poor thing! how sorry I am for her," replied Miss Badger, sympathetically.

"How so?"

"The papers have all published her age."

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhea, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the invalids' Guide Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

That opportunity is the cream of time.

"Golden Medical Discovery"—the great blood-purifier.

That the plant of happiness cannot thrive without the air of cheerfulness.

Offensive breath vanishes with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy

A fretful disposition takes the fragrance out of one's life.

The best Ankle Boot and Collar Pads are made of zinc and leather. *Try them.*

That the noblest and most exalted character is also the tenderest and most helpful.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

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TRADE RED STAR MARK.

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THE GREAT **GERMAN REMEDY** For Pain

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VINEGAR BITTERS

is the great **Blood Purifier** and Life-giving Principle; a Gentle Purgative and Tonic; a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system.

In Vinegar Bitters there is vitality but no alcoholic or mineral poison.

Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

Vinegar Bitters allays feverishness. It relieves, and in time cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, and similar painful diseases.

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Never before has a medicine been compounded possessing the power of VINEGAR BITTERS to heal the sick.

Send for either of our valuable reference books for ladies, for farmers, for merchants, our Medical Treatise on Diseases, or our Catechism on Intemperance and Tobacco, which last should be read by every child and youth in the land.

Any two of the above books mailed free on receipt of four cents for registration fees.

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A Beautiful Panel Picture.

In order to advertise Mellin's Food in every home, we will mail, on receipt of 6c. in stamps, (to pay postage), a beautiful panel picture, printed in twelve colors. Size, 18 x 28 inches.

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THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER

Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

Blair's Pills Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Over Box, $1.25; 2 required. 50 cts.

Face, Hands, Feet, and all their imperfections, including Facial Development. Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Blk Heads, Scars, Pitting & their treatment Dr. John Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N.Y. Est'd 1870. Send 10c. for book.

Palms' Business College, Philadelphia. Terms only $40. Situations furnished. Write for circular

SEEDS FOR TRIAL—Pearl Corn, best yielder known, 3-eared stalks; Cannon Ball Cabbage, sure to head, winter keeper; Honeysuckle Watermelon, very early and sweet; Sweet Potato Pumpkin, extra good for eating. These are all very superior new seeds which I wish introduced, and mail all for dime or any one for nickel. Jas. Hasley, Seed Grower, Madison, Ark.

$3 Electric Belt and Suspensory for Kidneys, Pain, Nervous and Weak. Fletcher & Co., Cleveland, O.

THE MATRIMONIAL! Largest Marriage Paper Published. Each issue contains about 300 advertisements of ladies and gents who want to marry. No charge to ladies for advertising. It contains 48 columns good reading. Sample copy 10c., or mailed one year for 25c. Address THE MATRIMONIAL, 43 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

ICHTHYOL The wonderful remedy of Prince Bismarck. Infallible in Rheumatism, Skin diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Catarrh, Piles, Stomach Diseases and Chronic Cold. For circulars address, WHITE, Box 3136, N. Y. City.

Agents wanted.

FITS STOPPED FREE. Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

No man's body is as strong as his appetites, but heaven has corrected the boundlessness of his desires by stinting his strength and contracting his capacities.

FARM NOTES.

BUSINESS POULTRY.—In riding about the country, one seldom sees pure-blooded poultry. The fancy fowls are in nearly every instance owned by business men. Why is this? Is it because farmers are lacking in enterprise and intelligence? I think the bottom facts are that a mixed lot of poultry proves most profitable, being most hardy and laying best. When one breeds for the one idea of "looks," the tendency evidently is to lessen the egg production. These are my conclusions after twenty years' experience, in which time I have tested most of the new breeds as they came along. It is entirely legitimate for any one to keep fancy fowls if they have a taste in that direction, and can afford it, as others keep a fast horse or a "poodle dog," but the real business hen is not often the most noted for beauty. Many new breeds have been introduced; we have plenty of poultry magazines pressing their merits, with a host of energetic champions writing up their alleged superior excellences, and yet both poultry and eggs bring better prices than in years gone by. The profit from keeping poultry depends on the management, feed, care, etc., of our fowls, and as the average man only takes an interest in what costs him dear, fancy fowls, at fancy prices, have proved beneficial.

QUINCES EASILY CARED FOR.—The general neglect into which quince culture has fallen has resulted in great scarcity of the fruit and consequent high prices. A well-managed quince orchard in full bearing is about as profitable an investment as a fruit grower can have, and when it is considered that almost the only obstacle in quince growing consists in the preventable attacks of the borer, it seems strange that more attention is not given to its cultivation. The borer enters the stem near the surface of the ground, working its way upward, and anything that protects the few inches of stem above the soil insures the tree against its ravages. The best and easiest way to accomplish this is to dig down to the branching of the roots and wrap and tie a piece of charred paper, reaching not less than six inches above ground, securely around the stem, and level the soil around it. Of course, a careful examination has to be made that the borer has not already made its home in the stem, in which case it should be destroyed by pushing a flexible wire up into its track before applying the paper.

EVERY farmer should take some pains to interest his children in the fowls on the farm, and there is nothing that so quickens that interest as to give them the right to all the money they can make off the fowls. In return for feed, etc., the obligation can be put on them that they place the money in a savings-bank, or buy clothes with it, or put it to some good use, in such a way as may be mutually agreed upon. Children can not be too early taught the knack of making money, and, what is of still greater purpose, the art of keeping it.

LINING FOR STOVES OR FIREPLACES.—To common potter's clay add one sixth its bulk of plaster of Paris, about the same quantity of wood ashes; mix all together with water until a thick cement is made; then plaster it thickly and smoothly in the place where the lining is needed, and let it dry. Fire may be made in a few hours. In a day or two, if there are cracks fill them up with a little cement made in the same way, and you will have a perfectly hard and durable fire-brick lining to your stove or fireplace.

IT is one advantage of turnips that they are a crop not damaged but rather benefited by slight freezing of the ground Of course they should not be handled when frozen, but in a day or two after they will have a finer flavor than before. Some of the harsh, coarse taste is removed after light frost has touched the roots. And it will take a pretty hard frost to spoil turnips, provided they are left in the ground until thawed.

THE *American Cultivator* says that if a heap of manure be placed on one side of an apple tree the branches on that side will produce fruit while other parts of the tree may be barren, which confirms the belief that the plant food taken up by certain roots is devoted to maintaining corresponding parts of the tree rather than going into a common stock to be drawn upon alike by all, which may account for dead limbs on trees.

IT is a good plan to have a few eggplants in the kitchen garden. The fruit is much nicer freshly-cut than after standing several hours in the market. The plants do best in moderately rich and very mellow soil. Select a warm, sunny spot, set the plants about thirty inches apart, keep the ground clean, and look out for the Colorado beetle, which is as partial to the egg-plant as to the potato.

WHERE an old fence has been removed, the crop the first season is no sure test of the quality or fertility of the soil. It takes one year of thorough culture to clear out the sods, bushes and rubbish that accumulate in such places. After this is well done, the fence row will usually be as fertile as any other part of the field.

HOG manure should not be used on land intended for cabbage for at least a year before the crop is grown. Its premature use is a mistake commonly made by farmers who draw manure for the garden from their hog pen. Hog manure breeds worms that work at the roots of cabbage plants and render them worthless.

CANADA thistles should be cut when in blossom or before. Never let them seed. One cutting in a season is not likely to kill them, but by perseverance you can usually kill them out. Plants cannot live without leaves to breathe through. Keep them off and the roots will die.

As time advances the hair becomes gray, unless prevented by Hall's Hair Renewer.

Ayer's Pills are the best laxative medicine in use. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

DYSPEPSIA

Is a dangerous as well as distressing complaint. If neglected, it tends, by impairing nutrition, and depressing the tone of the system, to prepare the way for Rapid Decline.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle. Trade Mark.

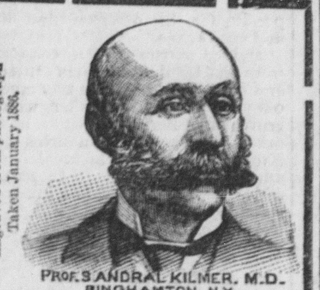
—THE **BEST TONIC**

Quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia** in all its forms, **Heartburn, Belching, Tasting the Food,** etc. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, and aids the assimilation of food.

MR. CHAS. THOMAS, Editor of *Herald*, Chambersburg, Pa., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for Dyspepsia. It increased my appetite and removed the trouble."

MR. J. E. JEFFERS, Photographer, 128 Main St., Norfolk, Va., says: "I suffered greatly from a severe case of Dyspepsia—and derived no benefit from various treatments, • I used Brown's Iron Bitters, and my health was fully restored."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. **Take no other.** Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.



Engraved from photograph Taken January 1886.

PROF. S. ANDRAL KILMER, M.D. BINGHAMTON, N.Y. THE INVALID'S BENEFACTOR. Discoverer of Dr. Kilmer's

COMPLETE FEMALE REMEDY

Ladies' Home Treatment

Special and Specific treatment for all Complaints and Diseases peculiar to Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

Each package contains 3 bottles.

☞ Each kind is also sold separately:

Female Remedy, (Blood and System) $1.

Autumn-Leaf Ext., (Local Treatm't) $1.

U & O Anointment, (External " .50

☞ Or the three in one Package $2.00.

Recovers the "run-down," bed-ridden" or "abandoned." It Eliminates Humors and Blood Impurities that cause Scrofula, Cancer, Tumor, pimples and blotches.

The age for **Pensaries** and **Exposures** is past. Woman's Health and usefulness again restored.

Dr. Kilmer treats *internal* Tumor, Cancer. You can't afford to neglect early symptoms.

Letters of inquiry promptly answered. Dr. Kilmer's Female Dispensary, Binghamton, N. Y. "*Invalids' Guide to Health*" (*Sent Free*).

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

EPITHELIOMA!

OR SKIN CANCER.

For seven years I suffered with a cancer on my face. Eight months ago a friend recommended the use of Swift's Specific, and I determined to make an effort to procure it. In this I was successful, and began its use. The influence of the medicine at first was to somewhat aggravate the sore; but soon the inflamation was allayed, and I began to improve after the first few bottles. My general health has greatly improved. I am stronger, and am able to do any kind of work. The cancer on my face began to decrease and the ulcer to heal, until there is not a vestige of it left—only a little scar marks the place.

MRS. J. OCIE A. MCDONALD.

Atlanta, Ga., August 11, 1885.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. N.Y., 157 W. 23d St.

WORMS

In the human body ERADICATED by using **CLARK'S WORM SYRUP!** INFALLIBLE A sure-death remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

WELL BORING AND ROCK DRILLING MACHINES. Tools for all kinds of Well making. LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

RADWAY'S PILLS!

The GREAT LIVER and Stomach Remedy

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA!

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for the complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

☞ Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York, for "False and True."

*** Be sure to get RADWAY'S.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

Builds up the broken-down constitution, purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor. Sold by druggists; $1 a bottle.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

For the relief and cure of all Pains, Congestion and Inflammations.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., N. Y.

20 473

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN

You are allowed a *free trial of thirty days* of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of *Nervous Debility*, loss of *Vitality* and *Manhood*, and all kindred troubles. Also for many other diseases. Complete restoration to Health, Vigor and Manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet in *sealed envelope* mailed free, by addressing VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

SURE CURE for DYSPEPSIA & INDIGESTION. Address J. M. SHELLY, Charlotte, N. C.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."

The Original and Only Genuine.

Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER.

Chichester Chemical Co., 2313 Madison Square, Philada., Pa.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Ease at once; no operation or delays from business, tested by hundreds of cures. Main Office, 811 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 2722 North Fifth St., 6 to 8 P. M., and Sundays.

LE PAGE'S GLUES

Used by the best manufacturers and mechanics in the world. Pullman Palace Car Co., Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co., &c., *for all kinds of fine work.*

At the New Orleans Exposition, joints made with it endured a testing strain of over

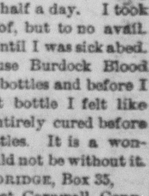
1600 Pounds TO A SQUARE INCH.

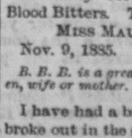
Pronounced strongest glue known.

TWO GOLD MEDALS. *London*, 1883. *New Orleans*, 1885.

If your dealer does not keep it send his card and 10c. postage for sample can, FREE.

RUSSIA CEMENT CO., Gloucester, Mass.





Grind your own Bone, Meal, Oyster Shells, GRAHAM Flour and Corn in the **SHANDLY** (F. Wilson's Patent). 100 per cent. more made in keeping poultry. Also **POWER MILLS** and **FARM FEED MILLS.** Circulars and Testimonials sent on application. WILSON BROS., Easton, Pa.

SHORTHAND writing. Best paying Home Study. Lessons by mail a perfect success. Great demand for young men and women as Shorthand Clerks, etc. Situations procured for students when competent. Send for circular. J. W. ROBERTS, Elmira, N. Y.

EVAPORATING FRUIT Full treatise on improved methods, yields, profits and prices FREE. AMERICAN M'F'G CO., Box WAYNESBORO, PA.

TIRED, WORN AND WEARY.

Who can account for that tired, worn and weary feeling? It is not caused by mental or manual labor—Waking in the morning unrefreshed!—Often with aching bones—Bad taste in the mouth—Sometimes bad breath.—There may be no pain in the back,—But there is a feeling of goneness—Approaching pain,—Inactivity:—The body and mind lack strength;—A recumbent position is preferred.

YOU WANT A SPRING MEDICINE

To remove impurities from the Blood—undigested and decaying matter from the system.

To prevent or remove Blotches, Pimples, Rashes, Boils and all kinds of SKIN ERUPTIONS.

To protect the system from Bilious attacks and remove all malarial taint that may be lurking in the by-ways of disease.

To fortify the system against the approach of diseases peculiar to the weather, tone the Stomach and remove all refuse matter from the system.

Restore Lost Appetite, remove Blotches and Skin Eruptions and give a Clear, Healthy glow to the Skin.

Remove all Malarial Symptoms and insure good health.

Burdock Blood Bitters

is not a BEVERAGE nor a preparation of which the fundamental principle is the "Purging Aloes," but a purely Vegetable Medicine, particularly adapted to SPRING COMPLAINTS.

Last spring I had a terrible breaking out all over my body. There were blotches as large as a penny and some as large as a silver dollar. They would appear in the morning and would itch and burn half a day. I took everything I could think of, but to no avail. I grew worse and worse until I was sick abed. A friend advised me to use Burdock Blood Bitters. I secured three bottles and before I had taken all of the first bottle I felt like another person. I was entirely cured before I had taken the three bottles. It is a wonderful medicine and I would not be without it.

MRS. JULIA ELDRIDGE, Box 35, Jan. 25, 1886. West Cornwall, Conn.

B. B. B. removes Blotches and Face Eruptions by constitutional treatment. Be sure and try it.

Last spring my health became very poor. I had no appetite and my liver troubled me. I used several medicines with no relief, and was finally recommended to try Burdock Blood Bitters. This medicine cured me.

MISS MAUD FISHER, Flackville, N. Y. Nov. 9, 1885.

B. B. B. is a great boon to suffering ladies—maiden, wife or mother. Endure it no longer.

I have had a bad humor in my blood which broke out in the skin, and the doctors did me no good. I tried everything for it, but got no relief. At last tried your Burdock Blood Bitters. I have taken but two bottles, and I must say I am cured and am feeling like a new man.

STEPHEN E. JODREY, Nov. 14. Taunton, Mass.

Fortify, Strengthen and Invigorate with B. B. B.

HAMMOND'S SLUG SHOT

Routes the Insect Army that destroy Vegetables and Flowers. Since 1880 *One and a Half Million* pounds have been used with safety and efficiency. It is cheap and sold by the Seedsmen, and probably by some party in your place. For pamphlet address FISHKILL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat.

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect sitting coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

CENTRE HALL, PA., JUNE 2, 1886.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

Germans.

New Dress Stuffs, Lace Boucles, Camels' Hair French Curls, Satines, Batiste, Crinkled Seersuckers, and Manilla Cloth.

In White Goods and Embroiderys we certainly lead.

Our stock of Glassware and beautiful Ornaments, suitable for wedding and Birthday Presents, is complete.

Fine Balbriggan Underwear for Ladies and Men.

Merchants' Place, Bellefonte.

D. GARMAN & SON.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——The United Brethren are erecting a new parsonage at Millheim.

——Clement Dale is the administrator of the estate of John Sankey, deceased.

——Dentist Hosterman is having a slate roof put on his house.

——We noticed Rev. J. K. Miller, of Sugar Valley, formerly of this place, in town the other day.

——Mr. Filson, of Somerset county, is visiting at Rev. Fisher's. He is the father of Mrs. Fisher.

——Potatoes have got down to twenty-five cents. Cheaper than Bohemian oats.

——The time fixed for the Union county fair this year is from September 22d to September 25th.

——Esquire Rishel, of Farmer's Mills, accompanied by Mr. William H. Bloom, of Penn Hall, favored our sanctum with a call.

——Yony Deininger is getting his new house, near the station, under way. The carpenters have the foundation timbers laid.

——There are always those who deal in deceit and secret trickery to make a point, because real merit is wanting.

——It is a noticeable fact that one who gains a position by disreputable ways, always proves untrue to his trust.

Base balls, at all prices from 5c to $1.25 at Murray's drug store.

WANTED.—A good boy to learn painting. Call on F. W. Weber, Boalsburg Penn's. 19m3t

——The fine assortment of boots and shoes at Mingle's, in the Brockerhoff House block, Bellefonte, goes ahead of all competition, and none sell so cheap. All classes, ages and sexes can find boots and shoes to suit them.

——Punxsutawney has a law compelling children under fifteen years of age to be off the streets after eight o'clock in the evening. If such a law was in force in our town the rising generation would be much better off.

A bottle of Samaritan Nervine enables one to defy Asthma, Nervousness and General Debility. $1.50, at druggists.

"Every Epileptic sufferer ought to try Samaritan Nervine at once," says Rev. J. T. Etter, of New Glarus, Wis, "it's a never failing remedy."

——The time-table on the L. & T. railroad has been changed. The morning train leaves Bellefonte later and reaches Centre Hall at 6:50 a. m. The afternoon train leaves Bellefonte about 30 minutes later, and reaches this place at 2:40. The train from Lewisburg, in the morning, gets here about eight minutes earlier than heretofore.

——Mr. Jacob Wagner, sr., of near Potters Mills, died on Monday evening. Mr. Wagner had been ill for over two years, and had gone blind. He was a well-known citizen of Potter township, and a man of honest convictions and strong will. He was the father of John and Jacob Wagner and Mrs. D. K. Geiss, and a brother of John Wagner, of Bellefonte. He was a fervent member of the Reformed church, and an uncompromising Democrat.

Mr. Wagner was near 83 years of age. His funeral will take place at the Loop church on Thursday morning.

——You are wanted at the Philad. Branch to get a nice and cheap suit for that little boy of yours, or one for yourself. It is the only place in the county where money can be saved in the purchase of clothing.

Clipped from the *Canada Presbyterian*, under the signature of C. Blackett Robinson, proprietor: "I was cured of oft-recurring bilious headaches by Burdock Blood Bitters."

——A member of the Centre Hall Good Templars wants to know who of its members joined them for deception on one side and then treats and favors license to deceive on the other side. We can only answer by saying that the latter assertion we can verify to by affidavit. To the credit of the Centre Hall lodge, his name is said to be in the Aaronsburg lodge.

——Mrs. Frank, a Philadelphia lady, is at Spring Mills, looking up lines and corners to some lands she lays claim to. The lady claims all the flat in and around Spring Mills, the Fisher, Grenoble Heckman, Evans and other farms, and across Egg hill into Georges alley. She claims tax-receipts for 32 years. She also claims lands at or near Boalsburg, some 600 acres. We rather guess the female is on a wild goose chase. She was up here last summer with surveyors, who found it difficult to establish corners. No doubt madam Frank will find herself badly cornered in the end.

Dedication at Centre Hall.

The new Lutheran Church at Centre Hall will be dedicated (D. V.) to the service of the Lord, on the 20th of June, at 10 a. m. There will be preaching Thursday and Friday night previous by brethren of the Central Penn'a Synod. Dr. Conrad, of Philadelphia, editor of the *Lutheran Observer*, will preach the dedication sermon, and will also preach at night of the same day. A cordial invitation is extended to the neighboring ministers and every body else on this most interesting occasion. A Sunday School meeting will be held in the afternoon of dedication day. Our sister churches are also most heartily invited to attend all these services. Let us all strive to make the day and occasion memorable in the history of our common Protestantism. Another notice with added information may be looked for in next week's REPORTER.

W. E. FISCHER.

MEMORIAL DAY.

CENTRE HALL, May 29, 1886.

This morning we, the Post members, and some citizens of the boro' and vicinity, left Centre Hall upon our annual visit to our cemeteries. It certainly seeemed that Providence provided especially for the occasion fine weather and good roads.

Arrived at the Union cemetery we were met by the Farmers Mills band and citizens with flowers. Prayer was offered by Rev. King, after which the graves of soldiers and friends were decorated, followed by an address by Rev. King, of this place, who accompanied us, and who is also a G. A. R. man. The address was very good and much appreciated by all who heard it.

At Spring Mills we were met by many of our Post members who reside in that vicinity, and also by the Spring Mills band and drum corps and a very goodly number of citizens. At the cemetery we found quite a number of people in waiting. The services were opened with prayer by Rev. Stambaugh, followed by an able and well prepared address by Rev. Rhoads, of Mifflinburg. The Rev. R. compared *then* and *now* and brought back to us scenes and recollections of long ago. He spoke feelingly, earnestly, knowingly, having been a soldier himself and is an enthusiastic G. A. R. man. He also sang "The Sword of Bunker Hill."

After taking dinner at Spring Mills we continued our drive to Georges Valley church where we listened to an able, eloquent and patriotic address by Rev. W. E. Fischer. The address was short but solid, earnest, fiery and patriotic.

We soon found ourselves at Sprucetown where we were met by a large concourse of people, the Loop band, Sunday Schools, and J. L. Spangler and J. F. Reeder. The program at this place was somewhat different from that at other places. After prayer by Rev. Fischer the choir of that place rendered a very fine piece of music appropriate for the occasion, after which J. F. Reeder delivered an historical address full of interesting facts and comparisons. J. L. Spangler then followed with a short address upon the "Unknown Graves," or "Graves of the Unknown," which was interesting and attentively listened to. Roll call was next. The names of the boys who left Potters Bank and vicinity never to return, were called by the Adjutant and answered Comrade Palmer by a roll upon a muffled drum.

After the services there we resumed our trip, the procession now being much larger, and the Loop band going with us. At Old Fort many of us partook of excellent refreshments at the hands of Comrade Odenkirk.

In Centre Hall we found a much larger crowd than we did elsewhere during the day. The services at the cemetery were opened with prayer by Rev. Fischer, followed by an address by J. L. Spangler, closing with an address by Rev. Land upon "The Graves of the Unknown," both of which were eloquent, earnest and interesting.

Taking all in all, we think it was the most auspicious, most interesting and most impressive Memorial Day we ever had.

We take this opportunity to thank the citizens along the route, the ministers, speakers and bands for their presence, their assistance and their encouraging participation in our ceremonies. We also return our thanks to the Odd Fellow fraternity for their brotherly recognition and assistance. May we all live to discharge the same duties on May 30, 1887.

W. A. J.

——Graham & Son have just received another lot of ladies' fine soft lace shoes, made on the "common sense lasts." Ladies wearing these shoes will find the breaking in process entirely done away with, as these shoes fit from the first;—no more corns or bunions by wearing the commonsense shoes. 2.2t

When one sees the impure fats that are sometimes used in soap making, he is inclined to doubt the cleansing qualities of the soap. Dreydoppel's Borax Soap is made from the purest refined tallow, and is guaranteed pure and healthful. jun

——A very appropriate address was delivered in the Evan. church, on Sabbath evening, by Rev. King, before the G. A. R. post, of this place. The post turned out to a man, and the house was filled with an appreciative audience.

——Parents, keep your youngsters off the streets after dark. They will thank you for it in after years.

——Mr. John Emerick, of this place, is on the sick list, with symptoms of fever. Mr. Fortney, of near Tusseyville, is seriously ill from the effects of a paralytic stroke which he had about a year ago.

——Mrs. Mills, of Lock Haven, visited Mrs. Della Brumgard, in this place, last week. Her two daughters, Annie and Ollie accompanied the lady.

Blank tax receipts and tax notices to be had at REPORTER office. tf

——Ice cream every Saturday night, at Levi Murray's.

Base ball bats at Murray's.

——'Tis sad indeed! From several quarters comes the report that there are folks in this town who "are so disgusted with Centre Hall society, they can't wait until the time comes to get out of it." Oh lordy! pity there is no office to step into at once, somewhere. Ah, here's a chance: There is a vacant cobbler's bench near Owltown, suppose that be occupied—it would only be going back to first principles. How we apples swim.

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

COUNCIL GROVE, Kansas, May —, 1886.

To All at Home: Now I am in Kansas. As I stated when I left, I would write notes of my trip, etc.

First. I left Bellefonte at 5:20 p. m., Monday; Altoona 2:40 a. m., Tuesday; Pittsburg 7:20 a. m., over the Pan Handle route via Columbus and Indianapolis to St. Louis. The first thing of note to me was the incline plane of the railroad in Pittsburg. We passed through part of the Hocking Valley coal regions, Ohio. The farmers were not as far advanced with their work as those farther east. Much of the corn was up, oats about two inches high and the wheat looking splendid. We arrived in St. Louis at 7:40 a. m, Wednesday; remained there four hours, during which time I took in some of the sights of the city, among which was Daniel Webster's monument and others; the Mississippi is wide at that point; I also crossed the famous iron bridge and tunnel under the city.

I left St. Louis at 11:15 a. m. over the Missouri Pacific railroad to Kansas City. From St. Louis to perhaps within twenty miles of Jefferson City the country is hilly, and some of it is rocky and covered with heavy timber. Some of the militia came on board our train and stood guard at each car door until the train arrived at East St. Louis. One regiment was guarding railroad property. Even when taking engines out of the round house a guard walked on each side of the engine. We stopped twenty minutes at Sedalia, where our guards walked back and forth on each side of the train. There was a large number of men and boys on hand at that place; it was full of them to within about thirty feet of the train; it looked as though there was a dead line on each side; if any one would come within, the guards would put them in bad shape.

Around this city it is beautiful. The country is very level; there is no timber through the country to Kansas City. The crops are well advanced; I saw some rye almost ready to come in heads. This is a part of country that is hard to get water for drinking and cooking purposes; they use rain water. For stock almost every field has a little pond on the hillside, or where it will drain surface water; they throw them up where the hard pan crops out; they hold water; there are many of them in that country.

I arrived at Kansas City at 8:50 p. m. Wednesday. I got to see but little of that city; I walked several squares; it is almost equal to Chicago for life and bustle. I left there at 10:15 p. m. for Emporia over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, via Topeka, and arrived in Emporia at 3:40 a. m. Thursday. Emporia is a nice town; population about 9,000. The country there looked well. They use the dirty black river water. The farmers are of the German element, from the eastern states. Quite a number of cattle are fed there.

I left for Council Grove on Saturday morning. I had a job by noon and went to work on Monday morning. This town is situated on the Kansas Indian reservation; it is about eleven years old and has a population of about 3,000. They have splendid water, also good building stones along the river. There are a great many Pennsylvania, Ohio and Badger State boys here; there are but few foreigners. There is splendid farming country around this place. On Saturday it looks as though the whole country came to town, it is such a business place; Bellefonte is much behind it. Much of this country is used for grazing. They were burning the prairies a few miles east of town, so it would break easier. There are lots of good farms for sale here at from $10 to $25 per acre; also some wild land at from $6 to $15 per acre. It is quite warm here; the thermometer was 88° yesterday. There is nearly always a breeze blowing. Everybody is tanned, and some of them are almost as dark as Chinamen; the wind has much to do with it. The corn is about four or five inches high. A fellow offered me 340 acres, 150 of which were broken, good spring and running water, three miles from the railroad and a half mile from the postoffice, a good house with seven rooms, and a small stable, about fifteen miles from here, for $4,200 cash. There are lots of such offers afloat. The evenings are cool and pleasant. They don't have as good horses here as Iowa or Illinois; so many small horses and ponies, a good many mules, and large and fine cattle. I was out in the country about four miles on Sunday morning and saw a man plowing corn and another making wire fence.

E. K. WIELAND

——The Link Barb Wire is still leading all others in amount of sales, thus showing that it is the best and cheapest, because it is so easily and quickly put up. It can be taken down and reeled up like a rope, and is the only wire of which a gate can be made without hinges. Write McFarland & Co., Bellefonte, for prices.

——Quite a number of farmers had to replant their corn.

——We still hear complaints of the fly in wheat fields.

——Charley Meyer is spending a few days vacation at his home here. He is a student at the Freeburg Academy.

——Our esteemed friend, Lafayette Moore, of Centre Hill, favored our sanctum with a pleasant call.

——Pinafore is to be used in Centre county politics for our sisters, and *our cousins*, and our aunts.

——For a comfortable summer suit go to the Philad. Branch, where you can find the largest variety and latest styles.

——Summer suits for men and boys, a large and fine assortment, and at wonderfully low prices, at the Philad. Branch. Call there before purchasing elsewhere, and you will not regret it.

——The Good Templars realized $43 at their festival on Saturday evening.

——Go to Mingle's for your boots and shoes, it is the place where all your neighbors go when they want a good article and cheap. In the Brockerhoff house block.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES. Is more reliable as an agent in the cure of Consumption, Chronic Coughs and Emaciation, than any remedy known to medical science. It is so prepared that the potency of these two most valuable specifics is largely increased. It is also very palatable. jun

——James Grove, Sr., of Spring Mills, writes: My family physician would have amputated my limb had it not been for Dr. Smith's Salve. Sent by mail for 25c —Address, S. W. Smith, Centre Hall, Pa.

FAILURE OF J. C. MOTZ.

The failure of John C. Motz, of Woodward, has been the topic of conversation in the eastern end of the valley, for the last two weeks. Mr. Motz was concerned in many business interests in that section, and was an active business man all his lifetime. He owned the gristmill at Woodward, a sawmill in Haines township, was a stockholder in the Millheim bank, was the largest stockholder in the Old Fort and Mifflinburg turnpike and a part owner of the old Pine Creek mill, south of Aaronsburg. About ten days ago Mr. Motz confessed judgment in the sum of $19,000 to various creditors in the valley. This was done in consequence of a judgment obtained against him in U. S. Court, recently for $5200 and costs, by a party of western sharpers who had induced Mr. Motz to invest in a stock ranche, which they had Mr. Motz believe was a bonanza—it was for them. It turned out to be an expensive elephant for Mr. Motz, and led to a lawsuit, which was twice tried in the U. S. Court, and went against Mr. Motz both times, when he proceeded to confess judgment to save honest home creditors.

We are told, however, that the judgment in U. S. Court was obtained the day previous to his confession of judgment at Bellefonte, hence the judgment of the sharks of the ranche will stand first.

We are sorry for Mr. Motz as he is a native of our valley and always did his business among our people. We hope he will get out of his financial embarrassment again and be able to resume business.

——Such of our friends as find on their address label that they are in arrears with the REPORTER, will do us a great favor by making us a remittance in whole or at least part. We have sent out bills several times within six months to which so few have responded that we are obliged to make this request. The few who have favored us with the needful have our thanks, and we trust the rest will deserve the same by prompt attention to our earnest appeal.

——A runaway and a rattlesnake in the way, was the unpleasant experience which two Bellefonte barristers, J. L. Spangler and H. A. Reeder, met with on Decoration day. They were on their way to Centre Hall, with horse and buggy; arrived on Nittany mountain, they concluded to hold up for a little rest and smoke and take in the beauties that surround Centre Hall. As one of them was in the act of tying the horse to a tree, from some cause the horse took freight and ran out along the road on the top of the mountain. Spangler and Reeder followed, and had got along in a sweat for about two miles, when a big rattlesnake hove up in the middle of the road, and started up a tshune, which was not the kind of music their ears were trained to, and they beat a hasty retreat, thinking the horse might go to sheol and they would foot it to Centre Hall. Whether it was a set up job between the horse and the rattler, we have not ascertained, but at all events the serpent was between the horse and lawyers and that ended the case. There was a nolle prosequi. A man was hired to seek the runaway horse, and found the animal a distance out in the mountain among the rocks, complacently eating leaves. The buggy and horse were about a mile apart; the latter somewhat broken.

——"So disgusted with Centre Hall society, can't wait until get out of it"—well that's good. What a pity for any to be thus deep in misery.

There is one thing people don't want—that is a common babbler in the Prothonotary's office.

——The game of base ball between Centre Hall and Spring Mills, on the latter's ground on Saturday, was was won by the Centre Hall nine. Score was 30 to 6.

——While our stock is up to the usual standard we wish to call your attention to but two departments this week. We have just received a large invoice of Johnson's Square Granite Ware, giving you a chance to select a set of dishes and at lower prices than ever known in this county.

We have also a lot of sample prices of beautiful Ingrain Carpets we will keep for two or three weeks. If in need of a carpet it will pay you to see these at once. Very respectfully yours,

WM. WOLF & SON.

Without beautiful hair no woman is beautiful. Is yours falling off or faded? The loss is vital. Parker's Hair Balsam will preserve your hair and give back its gloss and youthful color. Clean, elegant, perfect. Prevents dandruff. jun

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Philadelphia, June 2.—At the opening call wheat was dull and unchanged, with 84¾ bid and 85¼ asked for June.

Corn was dull and nominal, with 45½ bid and 45¾ asked for June.

Oats were quiet but steady, with 38¼ bid and 38¾ asked for June.

CATTLE MARKET.

The receipts for the week were—Beeves, 2000; sheep, 8000; hogs, 5500. Previous week—Beeves, 2200, sheep, 8000; hogs, 6500.

Beef cattle were slow and prices declined ¼a¼c. Extra 6a6¼, good 5¼a5¾, medium 5a5¼, common 4a4¾.

Fat cows were ¼c lower at 4a4¼.

Milch cows were dull at $20a50.

Veal calves were active at 4a6½.

Sheep were ¼c lower at 2½a5½.

Lambs were only in fair demand at 5½ 9½.

Hogs were in fair demand. Western 6a6¾; country 5½a6.

CENTRE HALL MARKETS.

PRODUCE AT THE STORES.

Butter	16	Eggs	10
Ham	10	Sides	6
Shoulders	8	Potatoes	40
Lard	6		

REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Prices subject to fluctuations of market.

Wheat, Red	$ 85	Oats	$ 30
Wheat, White	83	Rye	56
Corn, shelled	57	Barley, No. 1	45

Wheat mixed with Rye bought at rye weight and prices.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

SEVENTY SOULS GO DOWN.

London, May 21.—A dispatch from Australia reports the loss of the steamer Lyeemoon, from Melbourne for Sydney, off Greene Cape. Seventy persons were drowned.

TEXAS CATTLE DYING OF THIRST.

Austin, Texas, May 27.—The drought in this section of the state is becoming serious to both farmers and stockmen west of here. It is reported that cattle are dying by the thousands for want of fresh water and from the effects of drinking brackish and alkaline water.

REBERSBURG ITEMS.

Miss Ella Miller, of Madisonburg, is visiting Mrs. Heller.

Mr. T. F. Moyer and family returned from Milton.

Rev. Landis and wife from Adamsburg are visiting friends here.

For good fitting and taste in dressmaking, go to Mrs. Heller's.

Decoration day was spent with pleasure. Speeches were delivered by Revs. Landis, Dotterer and Lenhart.

Mrs. Etta Spangler, of Newton, Kas., is visiting her parents here.

Miss Ida Smull is on the sick list.

RUBY.

——Chapped hands are as unnecessary as they are troublesome—use Dr. Smith's Salve. For sale by druggists.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

——Whole pepper ground to order at Murray's drug store. tf

——Merchant tailoring at the Philadelphia Branch, and satisfaction guaranteed. An experienced head oversees this department. tf

——All the best cough drops in the market at Murray's drug store. tf

Kites at Murray's.

Base balls at Murray's.

MARRIED.

At Rebersburg, on the 11th ult., by Rev. J. Dotterer, Mr. Wallace J. Kreider to Miss Ella C. Hosterman, both of Wolf's store.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Wm. Bloom, deceased, late of Ferguson twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

M. L. RISHEL, Adm'r,
2jun6t Farmers Mills, Pa.

ESTATE OF JONN G. SANKEY, DECEASED. Letters of Administration on the estate of John G. Sankey, late of Potter township, Centre county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Clement Dale, residing in Bellefonte, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

CLEMENT DALE,
2jun-6t Administrator.

FOR SALE.—Pair of No. 1 Kentucky Mules, 4 and 5 years old; hight 61 in. and girth 74 in.; well broken to single lines. Driving horse taken as part pay.

J. W. HARTER,
Rebersburg, Pa.

ANNUAL MEETING OF POTTER DISTRICT SCHOOL BOARD.—The Directors of Potter School District will meet at Old Fort, Monday, June 7, at 8 o'clock a. m. to settle the Treasurer's account, and attend to such other business as may be presented. All persons having bills to present are requested to appear at an early hour. The Township Audit is hereby requested to meet at 1 o'clock p. m., to examine financial statement; also, Directors-elect to organize new board.

J. L. NEFF, Prest.
W. A. KERR, Sec'y.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.—We hereby give notice that the appeals for the several townships and boroughs for 1886, will be held at the following places to wit:

For the townships of Miles, Haines, Penn and Millheim borough, at Musser's hotel, in Millheim, Wednesday, June 16.

For Gregg and Potter townships and Centre Hall borough, at Meyer's hotel, in Centre Hall, Thursday, June 17.

For Ferguson, College and Harris townships, at Stewart's hotel, in Boalsburg, Friday, June 18.

For Spring and Walker townships, at Commissioners' Office, in Bellefonte, Monday, June 21.

For Philipsburg borough and Rush township, at the Potter House, in Philipsburg, Tuesday, June 22.

For Taylor, Worth, Huston and Halfmoon townships, at hotel at Port Matilda, Wednesday, June 23.

For Liberty, Curtin Marion and Howard twps, and Howard boro', at Howard hotel, in Howard borough, Thursday, June 24.

For Snow Shoe and Burnside townships, at the Mountain house, in Snow Shoe, Friday, June 25.

For Union and Boggs townships and Unionville and Milesburg boroughs, at the Commissioners' Office, in Bellefonte, June 28.

For Benner and Patton townships, at Commissioners' Office, in Bellefonte, Tuesday, June 29.

For Bellefonte borough, in the Commissioners' Office, in Bellefonte, Wednesday, June 30.

The appeals to commence at 10 o'clock each day.

The Assessors are required to be present and have their assessments there.

JOHN WOLF,
A. J. GRIEST,
J. C. HENDERSON,
Commissioners.

Farmers of Centre county allow me to say to all who want to buy a self-binder, a front or rear cut mower, a self-rake, do not buy until you see the Johnston Binder, Mower and Self-Rake, which stand in the front rank wherever I have sold them. I can guarantee them to have more good points, quiet running, for lightness of draft, easier to handle all the leavers than any other binder sold in the county. I say buy a Johnson machine whichever one it may be and it will convince you that my statement above is not a false one. The Johnston machines recommend and talk for themselves once they get a trial in the field. Farmers wishing to see a Johnston Binder and latest improvements, can see one set up in my barn at Centre Hill, one at old Jacob Raup's, about two miles above State College; one in Brush Valley, one mile east of Rebersburg, at Austin Gramley's. Farmers, go and see the Johnston Binder before buying, and you will see one of the best constructed binders in the market. The knotter is one of the finest you have ever seen. It has but one steel spring and has a double disk and cord holder. The binder attachment can be folded up so a 5-foot binder can pass through a pair of bars 9 ft. 10 in. and 6-foot binder through a 10 ft. 10 in. bar. This is more convenient than to load a binder on a truck to get into your fields. Buy a Johnson binder or mower and you will find many more conveniences which I have said nothing about, but you will find it so once you will work with one.

I will here say I have contracted and handled the following farm implements: The Superior grain drill, which is one of the finest arranged drills in the market; has no gear wheels to change; drives from either wheel with a rachet like a reaper. I also sell one of the finest and easiest Hand-dump Rakes in market; try one and you will admit to this fact. I also sell the Bullard Hay Tedder, the only one built that has a fork outside of the wheels, so that the wheels do not run over the spread grass once it is tedded up. I also have the agency for the Empire Steam Engine and Thresher, which all farmers know is one of the best machines in the county. I also have the agency for the Hench Cultivators which need no recommendation. It is known as one of the best cultivators, with Corn Planter and Fertilizer attachments, in the county. I also have the agency for the Conkling Wagons, my territory including Harris, Potter, Gregg, Miles, Penn and Haines townships. The Conkling stands first in the rank of all wagons, as all farmers know who have used one of them.

I also sell E. Frank Coes and John Ralston Nickerbocker Phosphates. I can say that these goods are a first class article, and have given entire satisfaction to all my customers for the past four years. Farmers, I simply ask you to try one of these fertilizers and you will get the best results. I always make it my aim before contracting for any fertilizers or implements to get the very best in market. Farmers, buy the best in market and it will be the cheapest in the end.

I kindly ask a liberal patronage of any who need and will buy a first class implement or fertilizer.

F. M. BURKHOLDER,
Agent for above Implements and Fertilizers
21ap8t] Centre Hill, Pa.

Calla Lily flour, full roller process, and guaranteed a superior article, for sale by And. Harter, Millheim. tf

——Shoemakers—I can supply you with rubber cement for mending gum boots, etc.—J. D. Murray.

BRING YOUR

PRODUCE— —PRODUC
PRODUCE
RODUCE— —PRODUC

TO

A. C. MOYER & BRO'S
C. MOYER & BRO'S

NEW STORE,

BELLEFONTE,
—Next Door to—
—POSTOFFICE,—
and get the

LOWEST PRICES, LOWEST PRICES
ON ALL KINDS OF

:-:GROCERIES:-:

WOOD— AND —WILLOW

WARE.

WE GUARANTEE OUR PRICES ON

TEAS, COFFES, SUGARS

TO BE LOWER AND BETTER
THAN ANY STORE IN CENTRE COUNTY

IN FINE GROCERIES WE
CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

☞ GIVE US A TRIAL
☜ AND BE CONVINCED.

☞ SOAPS ☜

.....OF ALL KINDS, AND LOW IN PRICE.....

WE SELL GOODS FOR PRODUCE THE SAME AS CASH.

12may2m

NEW OPENING

THEO. DESCHNER

OF THE

—BELLEFONTE—

GUN WORKS

AND HEADQUARTERS FOR

Sporting Goods.

One door below LYON'S STORE,

Bellefonte, where you find everything in the line of

GUNS, — PISTOLS

AMMUNITION,

FISHING LINES & RODS, HOOKS,

and all kinds of

FISHING TACKLE. CANES, FLAGS,

FIRE-WORKS, &c.

JUST OPENED. CALL AT

DESCHNER'S

FOR YOUR SPORTING GOODS.

5may3m

SHINGLES! SHINGLES

—AND—

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

The undersigned
has engaged in the manufacture of
—ALL—
——GRADES OF SHINGLES,——
at the mill at M'Cool's crossing,
near Spring Mills. Also has
opened a ware room at Spring
Mills for the sale of all kinds of

Farm Implements

and is agent for the WALTER A. WOOD BINDER, and dealer in Binder Twine. Bargains offered in Shingles and Implements. Call and see

WM. F. KRUMRINE.
28ap6m Spring Mills.